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## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 27, 1981

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## The self from within

By Thomas Nagel

BRIAN O'SHAUGHNESSY  
*The Will*  
A Dual Aspect Theory  
Volume 1, 259pp. £25.  
0 521 22679 1  
Volume 2, 368pp. £27.50.  
0 521 22680 5  
Cambridge University Press.

Brian O'Shaughnessy is one of the best philosophers in England. This has been true for some time but apparent only to careful students of the small number of dense, difficult, idiosyncratic papers he has published over the past twenty-five years. He has worked by himself largely outside of contemporary philosophical society, and these wild and wonderful volumes reveal for the first time with what intensity and on what a scale he has worked.

A good philosopher must find his obsession, and it will drive him for the rest of his life. O'Shaughnessy's obsession has been with the most intimate of those relations in which the self stands to the physical or "external" world; its relation to that part of the physical world which it can move directly and of which it has immediate awareness - the body.

There is an air of paradox in describing the body as part of the external world simply because it is a physical object, and this shows how fruitful the topic of human action must be as a key to understanding the place of the self in the world. It is here, if anywhere, that the apparently radical divide between mind and matter can be replaced by an intelligible, inner connection. For our bodies are not outside us, even though they are physical objects. We are not aware of them only through their effects on our senses (I can look at my hand to see its position on the keyboard, but I also know without looking how far my left index finger is from the letter "T"). And we do not move them only by pushing them around (if my left arm is asleep I can move it with my right, but then I do not move my right with anything: I just move it).

But if my body is not outside me, then is my body part of my mind, so that a portion of the physical world is contained in the self? Strange as it sounds, that is O'Shaughnessy's answer: "Events occurring outside the brain can be parts, indeed essential parts, of immediately experienced psychological events." Perhaps loaded when we think from the inside out it is inconceivable that any self remotely like ours psychologically should not have a body in this very strong sense: not that it *has* a body but that it *directly* physical action and direct knowledge of its own physical posture and orientation are parts of its mental life. And this pervasion of the self by the body in action may infect the moral "inner" psychological phenomena of sensation, perception, desire, belief, intention, thought, because of the closeness with which they are joined to action and bodily self-awareness in a single conceptual net.

This reversal of the usual direction of approach to the mind-body problem is a main feature of O'Shaughnessy's book. He is investigating the relation between mind and body from *within the mind itself* - not as it might appear to external observation of behavioural effects or physiological causes almost magical: as it would be magical if I could move the furniture simply by willing it to move. O'Shaughnessy opposes to this a non-magical picture which is nevertheless not a reduction of the mental to the physical, and in the course of it he propounds a general and original theory of the structure of the mind.

Before describing the results, let me say something about the philosophical context. This work concerns the mind-body problem, but though it expresses a debt to Wittgenstein and to the writings of Elizabeth Anscombe, Stuart Hampshire, and Donald Davidson on the subject of action, its approach is quite different from most of the literature in analytic philosophy of the last thirty years. That literature has usually started from the assumption that persons and animals are physical organisms, and has asked how it is possible to attribute psychological states to such organisms on the basis of observation of their behaviour, and what the relation is between those psychological states and the brain states on which they depend. The approach has been largely from the outside in: and for the most part, the results have been crude and superficial, the products of self-imposed blindness.

O'Shaughnessy's approach is from the inside out. He too believes we are (at least) physical organisms, but he wants to see what can be discovered about the relation between our psychological states and the operation of our bodies by starting from the point of view of the psychological subject, immediately aware in certain respects of what he is doing, feeling, and thinking. Instead of trying to construct the mind out of an ontology from which it has been excluded, he starts with the mind, explores it from within, and discovers that it inevitably opens out into the physical world in virtue of its inevitable possession of a body; particularly in action - "the very soul of the

philosophical phenomenon. He wants to understand that mysterious and essential aspect of the inner life of each of us: the condition of being a physical, animal organism.

To defend his view he must resist a rival picture of the intimate relation between the self and the body: that we move our bodies directly by the causal effect of a special type of inner mental act, a volition, and are directly aware of our bodies through a body image that is a kind of passive sensory trace. According to this view, our bodies are much closer to our minds than any other physical object is, but the two remain ultimately distinct and their relation to one another is

rationally involved the formation of certain natural facts... This is how man came to know *The World/Space/Truth/Self/Time/Consciousness*: the whole galaxy of Metaphysical Leading Lights. These are concepts that we could not, as self-conscious, rational beings, have lacked. They are determined by primal facts of inner and outer reality.

By contrast there are many concepts which we might have lacked and which were initially acquired by ostension. Almost everything about those things has to be discovered by empirical inquiry, because the concepts contain so little. "Whereas there is a philosophical analysis of the concept of physical action, there could hardly be a comparable philosophical analysis of the purely a posteriori idiosyncratic concepts of gold or tiger. Yet the divergence in the nature of the enterprises is by no means total; for they are from the point of view of the world's extension at one. For the philosophical analysis, from that point of view, does no more than indicate certain a priori-given constraints upon the extension of 'immediately willed event'. It leaves the final element in the determination of that extension up to science, and this last is precisely the position with 'gold' and 'tiger'."

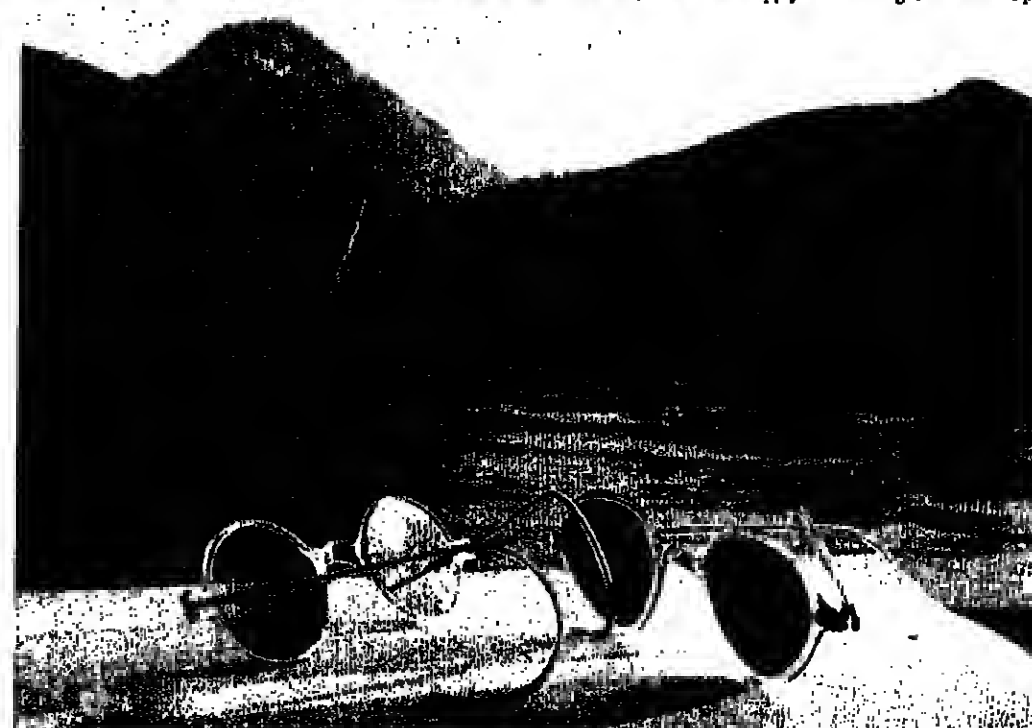
Just how much truth about reality is buried in those rich, obscure a priori concepts, waiting to be extracted by philosophy, is a controversial matter. Many contemporary philosophers suspect that these natural concepts are full of confusion and ignorance, so that we should rely on them only warily, not hesitating to replace them with others that are clearer or more scientifically sound. I believe this is fundamentally wrong because science must build on a pre-scientific awareness and understanding of certain aspects of the world, which can never be thrown away no matter how much is added to it, because it is constantly being re-used. It must be possible to explain technical jargon ultimately in natural terms: otherwise the connection with the understanding is lost and the dangers of confusion or emptiness become really serious.

O'Shaughnessy's method may seem to some to place too much reliance on pre-scientific concepts, but it seems to me to be justified by its results as well as by its rationale. Most of the work's 723 pages are taken up with an extremely dense sequence of arguments, often very subtle, and of consistently high quality, for and against various well-arranged hypotheses concerning the nature of action, perception, the structure of the mind, and the relations among various psychological phenomena. The task of reading through it is eased by the quality of the writing, the vividness of the examples, and the excellent organization that sustains a consistent forward movement from beginning to end, giving the work the appearance of one long argument that sheds one elaborate theory as it reaches its way through the subject.

Here is a few of the conclusions. Physical action is psychologically primitive and, like sensation, has a character independent of its intentional content. It need not be intentional under any description. Here O'Shaughnessy disagrees with Davidson. He argues convincingly that any general account of voluntary action must apply to idle stappings of the foot and movements of the tongue of which we need not be aware, and

alone cannot discover: but we cannot hope to learn what is most important about some aspect of reality without uncovering those fundamental features by which they are grasped in thought - and we are likely to be confused in any further inquiry unless we understand these features first.

The mind is coe such dome, and action a central example. Much can be discovered about it by empirical scientific methods. But "the ultimate constituents of physical action... are pre-scientifically, indeed a priori, given. In this sense, the concept of a physical action is an a priori concept, which stands nonetheless in need of a posteriori given application conditions." Science can discover the latter, eg. the physiological mechanisms that make action possible: but philosophy must discover what action is - its necessary and sufficient conditions. These how did we acquire such a priori concepts, and why should we believe what they seem to reveal about reality? O'Shaughnessy's answer is (not unintentionally) obscure: "Certain natural facts must non-argumentatively have guided pre-rational mankind in forming these crucial usages in the dim pre-history of the species at the dawn of self-consciousness. More exactly: the passage from pre-rational to



Vierwaldstättersee (1936) by Herbert Lin - see Stephen Spender's article and the photograph on page 350.

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## commentary

## No man's homecoming

By Alan Jenkins

Family Voices  
BBC Radio 3 and Lyttelton Theatre

Somewhere "in this enormous city" a young man thinks of his mother, who languishes somewhere on the south coast and thinks of her son. These thoughts, formulated but not transmitted (their content tells us as much), mother and son address to each other in an unspecified mode, its ambiguities exploited to the full between unspoken monologue and unwritten letter. There is no suggestion of contact made, response secured, but only an overwhelming sense of solitary, echoless speaking. Harold Pinter's latest work is a play for two voices — and, at the end, a third voice, that of the young man's father — and for those voices' tones of voice. The young man tells himself entertaining, even exciting stories of his new "family", while the abandoned, widowed mother lives in her memories of the old.

Twice broadcast on Radio 3, and successfully transposed to the stage for a dramatized platform "reading" at the Lyttelton theatre (where the actors sit in cane chairs before a bleak no-background) the play is an exquisitely funny and poignant piece of theatre whether for disembodied voices on the airwaves or for figures reduced by minimal lighting to near-silhouettes on screens. Much of it recalls "classic" Pinter — the writer of *The Homecoming* or *No Man's Land* — but refined almost to disappearing (we do not actually see, or hear, the grotesques in this play). Michael Kitchen as the young man, Peggy Askeroff as his mother, and Mark O'Connell as the father, gave faultless performances; on radio they were slower, more languid, but the quicker pace of the stage production lost nothing by way of sureness or nuance.

Initially the boy is self-justifyingly, jauntily defensive about his move away from the nest; the mother acquiesces, plaintive, fondling memories as lovingly as she once dried the boy's hair, "so gently with my soft towel". Gradually, almost imperceptibly, a shift in emphasis occurs, the tone and burden of the utterances change direction. The mother grows accusing, embittered; the boy, regretful and increasingly doubtful about his substitute family/landlords, the Witherses, contemplates with joy the prospect of a return and a reunion. No home, for this writer, can fail to be charged with uncertainty or terror; no family can be without its private dreams, its history of pain and miserable struggles for domination or independence. In *Family Voices* these are complicated by a departure from home and the discovery of a new, very different "home": all the horrors are present, ready to come home to roost, though conveyed indirectly, both through the shifts and contradictions of the touching/terrible picture that emerges of the boy's "real family", and through the more startling and comic dislocatedness of his reports or fantasies as regards his

Withers ("I was a right titbit, she said. I was like a piece of plum duff"), Lady Withers ("She asked me to call her Lally"), the alarming Jane and unspeakable menfolk.

The elements of puzzle and inconsistency, the circumambient sexual ambiguity, the pervasive overtones of menace and perversion — there are no prizes for noticing these in any play by Pinter. But they are distilled in this short piece into some fine flashes of sinister and fantastic double-talk.

Pinter's verbal touch, at its surest on the boundary between politeness and derangement, the genteel and the thuggish, and his marvellous ear for the self-revealing phrase, for the detail or cadence that renders acute embarrassment or conjures a world of social posturing, is put to deft effect. "I had never seen so many buns. One quick glance told me they were perched on cakestands all over the room."

The father's last words from the grave, "I have so much to say to you. What I have to say to you will never be said", do not contain within themselves the possibility of the hoped-for communion. They entertain the possibility only of final, irrevocable separation, a kind of unending poignancy, and unbreakable alliance. Inevitably, given all that we have heard these family voices say, yet Pinter's inventiveness is so grating and constantly surprising, his language so rich for all its economy and simplicity, and his best moments are so memorable, that it almost seems like the price we have to pay — not for lip-service to "realism" or a "view of human nature" but for Kelly to a governing shape and feeling, and for what a critic once attributed to Samuel Beckett, "the dramatist's equivalent of perfect pitch".

## The scientific spark divine

By J. Mordaunt Crook

The Order of the Day: Thomas Harrison and the Architecture of the Greek Revival  
Wiltshire Art Gallery, Marnesborough

Thomas Harrison is fast becoming a cult figure among architectural historians: a scholarly, shy, provincial genius, injured in the North West of England, yet the Neo-Classical designer of the history of the English architectural. During his lifetime he was ignored by the fashionable world, but admired by cognoscenti. Lord Elgin called him "the most classical and scientific architect of his day"; C. R. Cockerell noted in his diary, "Harrison has a spark divine". After his death Harrison's reputation dwindled, and confined to dwindle until the rediscovery of his drawings in the late 1960s. Since then academic interest has grown apace. An exhibition was mounted at the Grosvenor Museum, Chester, in 1977. And this latest display of drawings, models and



Frederick Sandys: "Proud Maids" (1892), from an exhibition of rarely-seen Victorian works of art at the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, until April 26. The works come from collections in and around London, and include a group of Leighton drawings never shown before. Among the other artists are Millais, Burne-Jones, William Morris and Alma-Tadema.

photographs, organized by the History of Art Department at Manchester University, comes closer still — though still not close enough — to explaining Harrison's peculiarly redolent genius.

Harrison studied in Rome — and won the approval of Pope Clement XIV — but he never travelled in Greece. He was therefore a Greek Revivalist at second hand, learning his mouldings laboriously via the folios of Stuart and Revett. Perhaps because his scholarship was vicarious, he felt less committed to archaeological accuracy. Certainly, his Neo-Classicism never sinks to the level of copyism.

Four surviving designs sum up Harrison's personal brand of Neo-Classicism. The first — Lancaster Shire Hall (1788-99) — is Gothic in form but classical in plan and spirit. Despite its mediaeval dress, it already reveals the mind of an engineer, the mind of a mathematician, stripping away superfluous ornament, concentrating on the essentials of design. The second is the Lyceum Club, Liverpool (1800-1804). With its noble inset portico and circular library, this is a building with a contentious recent history. After prolonged disputes, it has now been rescued from demolition but still awaits a new use. The third is Chester Castle (1788-1822), a key building to the history of Neo-Classicism. "Here," wrote C. R. Cockerell, "a great hand is visible."

The collected vault of the Shire Hall (1788-1801) springs effortlessly above its semi-circular colonnade; the mighty columns of the Propylaeum (1810-22) combine the primal simplicity of the Sublime with the interpretability of light and shade associated with the Picturesque. Fourthly, and finally, the Grosvenor Bridge (1827-31) at Chester marks the culmination of Harrison's career. Soaring like a rainbow across the river Dee, its 200-foot arch, at the time of construction, the largest single-span stone arch in the world. Here engineering and architecture are still marching to the same direction. No wonder Harrison talked so proudly of "timely Wyatt and Rippey Adams".

To round off the exhibition, the local context of Harrison's designs is depicted in the form of an architectural equivalent: "The Greek Revival" in the North West. Here photographs of some fifty buildings in Lancashire and Cheshire

emphasize the quality of provincial Neo-Classicism in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Besides London architects like Sturges, Barry, Burton and Cockerell, there are at least four local men of comparable talent: John Foster and Harvey Lonsdale Elmes of Liverpool; Richard Lane of Manchester; and James Hibbert of Preston. It is good to be reminded of the excellence of their work.

All in all, there is only one flaw in presentation. A number of minor errors in the catalogue — and a number of positively over-optimistic attributions in Harrison himself — suggest that the organizers have failed to take note of what is to the far the definitive statement of Harrison's career: the list of works in the second edition of H. M. Colvin's *A Biographical Dictionary of British Architects, 1600-1840* (John Murray, 1978).

The catalogue of the Harrison exhibition (32pp, 26 black and white illustrations) is available from the Whitworth Gallery at £1 plus 50p post and package.

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## Children's books

## The artist as orchestrator

By S. S. Prawer

SELMA G. LANES:  
The Art of Maurice Sendak  
Bodley Head, £25.  
0 370 30386 5

Maurice Sendak is with the immortals. As long as children look at picture books, where the *Wild Things* will be among their treasured possessions — to be shut down, to be savoured, to be scribbled on, to be handled until the book falls to pieces. *Srinivaspeter*, the *Alice* books with their Tennyson illustrations, *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, *Pinocchio* illustrated by Anillo Mussino, *The Story of Beatrix the Little Elephant* and just a handful of others belong to the same illustrious company. If the children are lucky, their parents will be encouraged by their reception of *Wild Things* to buy them *In the Night Kitchen* as well — the central work in Sendak's picture book trilogy, a little miracle of inventiveness and draughtsmanship, full of delicious detail recalling the decor of the 1930s, which was the time of the artist's own childhood. Freudian symbol-hunters, alas, have been known to interpret *In the Night Kitchen* as a masturbation fantasy and launch it from the nursery in favour of some healthy oedipal tale like *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Sendak's books provide visual education of a very special kind. He is equally sensitive to the interrelation of details in each individual picture, the place of the picture on the page, and the relation of all the pictures to one another and to the text. To recognize this we need only look at *A Hole is to Dig*, a book whose text was supplied by nursery-school and kindergarten children, arranged by Ruth Krauss, and illustrated by Sendak. All is decorated delight, from the cover drawings with their sailing and jumping figures, the endpapers with their balanced arrangement of dancers, the dreamy vignettes with star and little brother under the night sky, over the single and double page illustrations in which, interesting things tempt constant exploration without ever disturbing the delicate balance of text and picture, the "hole" theme turning up in different spots all over the place, until we come to the final page, with the celebration of the act of reading and the joy of handling books. Or look again at *Where the Wild Things Are*: here the very size of each picture helps to develop and determine mood: the illustrations gradually expand as Max sets out on his lonely voyage, until we reach the fully famous central pages in which even the text is crowded out by the wild things' "rumpus".

After that the pictures contract again: as Max, now purged of his rage, is drawn back into his own room by the offer of food and love. Or look at the works in which Sendak collaborates with his friend Randolph Jarrell — his autobiography *Sendak's Books* (1978), where poet and illustrator worked together on the lay-out of the text as well as the pictures. They made the text into a tight little island of print surrounded by wide margins representing the world outside, and turned the square shape of the whole book into the eponymous family's little house. Or, lastly, look again at the ever-popular *Nutshell Library*, whose decorative alpacas, with its fastidious arrangement of drawings which are at once humorous and moving, speaks irresistibly of the delights offered by books in general and, in particular, those offered by the little books to be found within.

This is not the end, however, of the pictorial education children may derive from early contact with Sendak's work. He is always paying pictorial homage, either to the popular culture of his childhood (Mickey Mouse, Laurel and Hardy, *King Kong*, Busby Berkeley, Winsor McCay) or to the painters and illustrators he came to know as an art student, a developing artist, and a book-collector. We find his illustrations speaking the language of Chagall and Corot, of Daumier and Rowlandson, of Dürer, of Ludwig Grimm and other nineteenth-century illustrators, of Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott. These are deliberate acts of homage, and the different modes are fully integrated into Sendak's own highly personal art. Without being mere imitations, the illustrations introduce children to a wide variety of historical styles which they can recognize when they stray into an art-gallery or when they come upon volumes enshrining the work of some of the older illustrators and graphic artists that have helped to shape the language of Maurice Sendak's picture books.

The work of an artist of this calibre deserves a full-length study and in Selma Lanes it has found an able interpreter and sympathetic advocate. If anything, she is a little too sympathetic, so that her study turns out to be more of a hagiography than a work of criticism. Such adverse comment as she ventures to make is usually based on Sendak's own vigorous self-criticism, which she seeks to soften rather than reinforce. There are places too where a less committed critic than Mrs Lanes might have ventured some adverse criticism: one fantasy sequence, for instance, reproduced without comment as an example of Sendak's growing involvement with music, seems to me to rivalise the Bachoven quartet on which it is ostensibly based.

One of the many virtues of Selma Lanes's book is that it pays a good deal of attention to the roots of Sendak's art in his own childhood. She shows, for instance, with fascinating detail, the part that family photographs have played in successive picture books; and she rightly stresses the importance that his Jewishness, his upbringing in a consciously Jewish household has had for his intellectual,

spiritual and emotional formation. It is therefore astonishing that she fails to include in her study a single illustration from the two early books to which Sendak sought to convey the spirit of Jewish religious holidays: *Good Shabbos*, *Everybody* (1951) and *Happy Hanukkah*, *Everybody* (1955). She does, however, give us some very fine examples of his illustrations for stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which Sendak sought to raise a memorial to members of his family who did not survive the great massacre of 1939-1945. "All those dead Jews in my family", he said, "those who died in Hitler's holocaust, or after lives of hardship and deprivation, had always been very close and important to me." Some observers have even detected subliminal references to the holocaust in *In the Night Kitchen*, a work which is particularly full of private references and allusions, and of which Sendak himself said that it "came from the very middle of me".

May there not be some tension, then, between the conscious Jewishness which comes out in the very vocabulary of his conversations, and Sendak's obsession with German art and literature? Selma Lanes tells us that when Doris Orgel gave him Brecht's *The Tale of Gekke, Hinkel and Gackelele* to read, "Sendak liked it immediately". Was he not disturbed by the way Brecht's programmatic anti-Judaism intruded even into this charming tale? Did he read a version in which this element was eliminated? Or is there perhaps some connection between his

unconscious awareness of the anti-Jewish element in Brecht's life and work, and his failure to illustrate *Gekke, Hinkel and Gackelele* to his own satisfaction? Future biographers of Sendak will no doubt raise these questions more explicitly than Selma Lanes has felt able to do.

Another question that still needs to be answered concerns the artist's place in American popular culture. Mrs Lanes tells us much about Sendak's involvement with the 1930s: an involvement which (as her distorting summary of Tod Browning's complex and disturbing *Devil Doll* would seem to suggest) she does not share. But should not our adequate assessment of Sendak's art ask how the children at the centre of his books compare — sociologically and in other ways — with the naughty boys that play so prominent a part in American popular mythology and iconography? (Where *the Wild Things Are* has a boy-hero sent hungry and angry to bed by an offended parent, after which his room changes into open country and he wafts out into 'adventure' among monsters whom he tames into his service, only to be tempted back into his own room (restored to its normal shape and appearance) by the smell of hot food and cake. Is not this so exact reversal of the usual pattern of *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, where the fantasy-voyage is caused by over-eating, where the threatening spaces and presences are not tamed, and where this return to normality at the end involves a relieved confrontation with a scolding

parent woken by the boy's cries for help? How does Sendak's use of Brooklyn imagery and themes compare with the robust ethnic Lower East Side humour of, say, Milt Oros's *Nise Baby*? Does not the "Sendak lion", whose intermittent presence Mrs Lanes rightly delights in, have more in common with W. W. Denslow's Cowardly Lion than her dismissive reference to L. Frank Baum would seem to suggest? Do not even Sendak's many portraits of his beloved Jennie have a good deal in common with Denslow's Toto? Here is a rich field of investigation which still awaits adequate treatment.

There are other gaps too which Selma Lanes's pioneering work leaves others to fill. What of the formative influence of East European art on Sendak, as on so many earlier illustrators of children's books? His vignette for the dedication-page of Mindert DeJong's *The Wheel on the School* would seem an obvious example which is here neither illustrated nor discussed. And why are we not given a single specimen of the sepi illustrations of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* which Sendak produced at a turning-point in his career? Copyright difficulties may be involved here; but if so, we might at least have been offered a description, together with some critical reflections on the relation between these pictures and Blake's own. Occasionally readers will feel that they would have liked more information about, and analyses of, the techniques and devices Sendak has used over the years to give his handlings their graphic form. What, for instance, is the "topographical process" of colour-separation which Selma Lanes mentions on page 537? And occasionally, too, one sighs for more adequate cross-referencing between text and illustrations. For example, we are told of an early note-book containing seminal important sketches of Brooklyn children — including the original "Rosie", the heroine of that favourite of all young readers of Picture Puffins, *The Sign on Rosie's Door*, as well as of the television film *Really Rosie*, starring the Nubia Kid. We search for these sketches in vain until some excellent examples turn up, unheralded, in the margin of a later page.

The rest must be all praise. The story of Sendak's life, friendships and developing art is unfolded with informed sympathy and exemplary tact. We are told enough to understand the deeply personal nature of his art without being led to intrude unnecessarily into more private areas of the artist's life. The illustrations have clearly been chosen with loving care; they are supplemented by a well-written text which tells us some things to look for while leaving us to make many discoveries of our own. The size of each picture is always meticulously stated, as are the materials used in its production — pen and ink, wash, watercolour and so on. Particular pleasure can be derived from many juxtapositions of early sketch



Ida playing her wonder horn. A preliminary sketch for *Outside Over There* from *The Art of Maurice Sendak* reviewed here.

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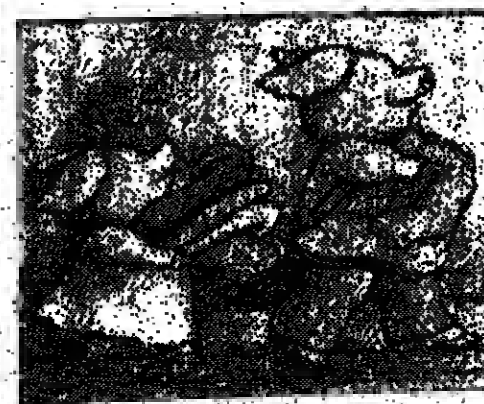
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and finished drawing or print. There are splendid close-ups of pictorial detail, too, enabling us to see, with unwonted clarity, such things as the nervous strokes so characteristic of Sendak's cross-hatching and shading. The publishers and the (Japanese) printers have done the book proud: colour and black-and-white illustrations are equally clear, true and unsmudged throughout, and we find ourselves offered additional delights like the pop-up picture of Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf in grandma's clothing (suggested, I would guess, by Tomi Ungerer's get-well card after Sendak's heart-attack), or the mock-up of an early version of *Wild Things* which enables us to turn over pages that are seven inches long and only three quarters of an inch wide. Here is richness indeed—page after page of visual delicacies, from the elegant and amusing silhouettes of Sendak's German period to the boldly coloured New York skyline transformed into kitchen cartons, canisters and implements, traversed by Oliver Hardy triplets in cook's regalia, and surveyed by Mickey from the aeroplane he has fashioned out of the dough into which (like Busch's Max and Moritz) he had earlier been kneaded.

Among the many rewards Selma Lanes's study offers its adult readers is a closer understanding of the relationship between text and picture to modern children's books. Sendak's work may now be seen to fall into three broad divisions: "illustrated books" (1), where the graphic artist supplies pictures for an existent text, which he may or may not have inked over with the author; "illustrated books" (2), in which the same artist supplies words and illustrations to which

the main weight of the meaning is carried by one or other of the two elements in symbiosis (Sendak includes *Kenny's Window*, *Very Far Away*, *The Sign on Rosie's Door* and the *Nusshell Library* in this category); and "picture books", defined by Selma Lanes as

a special mix of text and art, in which the pictures are visually needed to fill in what the words leave unsaid, for words, in turn, are indispensable for moving the narrative forward during whatever time—or space—gaps exist between illustrations. In a picture book, neither text nor pictures by themselves can tell the story. They comprise an equal and totally interdependent partnership.

Into this last category go *Wild Things*, *Night Kitchen*, and the more recent *Outside Over There* which this reviewer has not yet had a chance to see. Within these broad overall divisions different sub-categories can once again be distinguished: one may, for instance, contrast "no-nonsense illustrations" depicting scenes that play a part in a literary text with "illuminations" or "interpretations". These last are well exemplified by Sendak's haunting pictures for the Grimms' tales; each picture seems to encapsulate the psychological tensions and resolutions at the centre of the tale concerned, rather than illustrate one single incident from it.

To describe such relationships Sendak likes to use musical analogies. He compares certain illustrations to poems made into songs, where the music supplies shades, nuances, and even, on occasions, additional meanings. We find him speaking, at one point, of "setting words to pictures". At other times he compares the illustrator to a conductor interpreting a

score, or to an accompanist who supports a singer and shows him to his best advantage. He seems to have lost interest, however, in illustrations which he describes as "a kind of background music, in the night style, in tune with the words". What most attracts him nowadays, his biographer tells us, is the kind of "picture book" brilliantly exemplified by *Where the Wild Things Are* and *In the Night Kitchen*, in which text and picture are so interdependent that one is unthinkable without the other.

Sendak's work is nourished by a deep tap-root into his own childhood experience, and it shows an honesty which has not always endeared him to those who select children's books for libraries or the nursery. He recognizes and depicts the rebellious rages of childhood as well as early sexuality; his full frontal nudges of babies and young children have offended some, his acknowledgment that dogs defecate and urinate has alienated others; and there are always those who declare some of his illustrations too frightening for children. I have found that *Wild Things*, far from reinforcing children's fears, helps them to face and deal with them—Max, after all, becomes king of the wild things, is purged of his rage, and returns after an enjoyable "rumpus" to love, comfort and security in his waking experience. Some of the Grimm illustrations are indeed disturbingly strong; but they do not hold the kind of terror that Arthur Rackham's grotesques so often inspire. Selma Lanes's study cannot but reinforce an impression unprejudiced observers will derive from any perusal of Sendak's books: of his uncompromising honesty, his personal commitment, his clear recollection of his own childhood,

his vivid imagination, all in the service of a superb visual sense as well as an ideal of craftsmanship that is all too rare in the twentieth century. "That's the wonderful thing about being an artist", we hear him say: "you can use the material of your life over and over, and always make it something new. In that way, it's never dead for you." Or again: "I remember things other people don't recall: the sounds and feelings and images—the emotional quality—of particular moments in childhood." Out of these materials, his studies of older masters, and his total commitment to his own developing art, Sendak has fashioned works designed to help children "come to grips with the reality of their lives", face and exorcise their anger, their burden, their fear, their jealousy, their frustration, while also opening their eyes to the many visual delights the world has to offer them.

One of the best-known early pictures for and about children comes from Blake's *The Gates of Paradise*. It shows a child setting foot on a ladder that reaches up to the moon, crying "I want! I want!" while his parents, huddled closely together, stand wondering by. In Sendak's *Kenny's Window* (1956) we find a characteristic variant of this image: Kenny sits all alone at the foot of his bed, the blanket clinging to his pyjamas, and looks out the full moon through one of those open windows which play so prominent a part in this artist's drawings. "Do you always want what you think you want?", a written caption asks. These wondering, reflective, old-world children are Sendak's speciality; he has many pictures of them, often with closed eyes, looking upwards, or with downcast, happy and totally absorbed in a book. But Sendak also knows many varieties of children's play, and he shows us aggressive children that make faces, stick out their tongue, or chase the dog.

Selma Lanes points out how important a part the delights of eating play in his work, and prints his eucronical picture, in the *Nusshell Library*, of a Christmas

tree improbably decorated with that Jewish panacea, bowls of chicken soup. His is a voracious as well as skilled presentation of a gourmet of experience and amusement. Playfulness, worry, and aggression. He is, as truthful, in his way, as Blake: life text and his picture cover adult, what he knew and felt as a child. Such art can help more sensitive children to master their fears and manage their lives better than the sugared pop their unsuspecting parents so often foist on them.

To read Selma Lanes's book, and to study its illustrations, is therefore a most salutary exercise for anyone faced with the responsibility of guiding young children towards books that will help them find and accept their essential selves.

"Being defenceless", Sendak has said, "is a primary element in childhood." Books like his offer a variety of defences: that of exorcizing common fears by roiling and then nailing them, that of blending menace with laughter and make-believe, that of make-believe which never obscures the realities of the human or animal world from which it takes off, that of the kind of visibility and joy we find in the "Rosie" books and film, the use of aesthetic delight which distances terror and blends it with beauty, that of a clearly focused and intensely communicated private vision which can yet be recognized as akin to the vision of many other children in the Western world. It would be sad if these visually delightful chronicles of fantasies, the bewilderment, the suffering, the aggression, the compromises and the fun of middle-class childhood sheltered from absolute want were the only books our children had to look at; but even that would be far better than a children's library in which by accident or design—the works of Maurice Sendak did not appear at all. Our children's world would be a poorer place without him.

— are as lovingly and tellingly described as Mary Lennox's skipping rope and seeds.

## Building a life

By Sarah Hayes

MICHELLE MAGORIAN:  
*Goodnight Mr Tom*  
Kestrel £5.50.  
0 7226 5701 3

Modern children do not have much time for the classics: the language is too florid perhaps or the action too slow for present-day tastes. With some books, however, the magic fingers of a witness to the popularity of films and television versions of Frances Hodgson Burnett, Louisa Alcott, E. Nesbit and others. More than that part of their success must be attributed to the bold romanticism of these authors' themes. The Victorians were not afraid of sentiment, of wish fulfillment, of coincidence and happy endings. Despite the saccharine and the didactic qualities, there was a wholeheartedness about their writing that is seldom encountered today: real life is too subtle and too uncertain.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to find a new writer tackling classic themes with honesty and enthusiasm. *Goodnight Mr Tom* combines the *Secret Garden* story of an unloved child blossoming into life with the *Heddi* motif of adult bitterness melted by a child's affection. This splendid first novel is unashamedly and gloriously sentimental and it cannot fail to be loved by readers of all ages.

Two days before the outbreak of war in 1939 Willie Beech is evacuated from his home in East End. He arrives off the train seen into his underwear for the winter, carrying a belt for his father and a note from his mother to say he is a wicked boy. Undernourished, covered in bruises, and cowed by the enormity of his life, Willie strikes Tom Oakley as a poor specimen, quite unlike the Tom himself is an unlikely belle. An elderly loner who has never emerged from the death of his wife in childhood. He knows nothing of children, but has enough humanity to realize that Willie's life up till now has been one dominated by terror and failure, and that he expects even worse to come. Together Tom and Willie build up a life and a person. Illiteracy, betwitting, malnutrition, terror of other children—these are the problems Tom comes with. And the details of Willie's rebirth—the warm clothes, the paint box, the lending library, his first friend

That is not completely the end, for this is a long book (301 pages) and Willie still has to accept the shattering blow of the death of his best friend, and a good deal of growing up into the bargain. . . . If one had a criticism of this fine book, it is that its grasp of ups and downs is too neatly drawn—as if the last-drawn line had been suggested by a well-meaning editor and the author had then felt obliged to put in a balancing (rather uncomfortable) epilogue.

In deference to Michelle Magorian's pattern, let the upbeat win: the telling of this moving story is effortless in its simplicity and lack of pretension. The characters are drawn with sympathy and economy, and the village and its unloved ugly duckling develop colours slightly brighter than life, the reader can only be grateful that the author had the courage to use so brilliant and beautiful a palette.

Two classic children's pop up books have recently been published in new editions by Ernest Benn. *Trick or Treat* (£3.50, 0 510 00110 6) is a reproduction from *Nut and the Brave Kinder* (1899) by Lother Meisendorfer, artist and toy-maker and distinguished creator of moving picture books. Each picture is accompanied by appropriate verses. *The Magic Bon* (£2.95, 0 510 00104 10) by Tom Seidmann-Freud (who was the niece of Sigmund Freud and whose real name was Martha), a book full of games and stories, was first published over half a century ago.

## Walking the bounds

By Judith Elkin

DIANA WYNNE JONES:  
*The Homeward Bounders*  
Macmillan £4.95.  
0 333 30979 0

*The Homeward Bounders* is a fantasy novel with elements of science fiction, in which Diana Wynne Jones develops the idea of war gaming by playing with live characters in an infinite number of different worlds. As in her previous novels, her apparently inexhaustible imagination takes in many moods and themes. The book contains terror, humour, adventure, everyday problems of survival and references to mythical characters.

The story begins in our own world in 1979 when thirteen-year-old Jamie stumbles unknowingly into forbidden territory and witnesses "Them" (faceless grey-skinned figures) playing a mysterious game involving minute worlds, huge dice and complicated machines. This is the "Real Place" from which they control what goes on in different worlds, having

previously absorbed the reality of those worlds. The details of this are only revealed later, but Jamie has already seen too much and must be "discarded" to the "Bounds" between the worlds. There are, of course, certain rules: he may not "enter play" in any world and every time a move ends in his field of play, he will be transferred remorselessly on to another field of play. He is allowed to return home—if he can find home—and only then can he re-enter play. He has become a "Homeward Bounder". The full horror of the implications of this, is only gradually revealed to the reader, as Jamie relates his experiences in a pleasantly chilly, intimate style which subtly emphasizes his terror, loneliness and his longing for home.

Jamie passes through a hundred worlds, some welcoming, others hostile, before returning home but it is one hundred years later and he is still a thirteen-year-old. He has met numerous vividly drawn characters: Helen with the magical hand of Uguor, Joris, the demon-hunter, the mythical Titan chained endlessly to his rock, Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew and The Flying Dutchman.

## On the astral plain

By Gillian Cross

ROSEMARY HARRIS:  
*Tower of the Stars*  
Faber £5.95.  
0 571 11607 8

Fantasy has given many writers scope to deal with basic human struggles in a more direct way than realism permits. But, because of its lack of limits, it carries far greater dangers and temptations than realism ever can.

In *Tower of the Stars*, Rosemary Harris falls victim to some of the temptations. The book concludes the story, begun in *A Quest for Orion*, of the domination of Western Europe by the Free Association of Kindred States and Nations—the totalitarian Freks. In the earlier book, the groups of teenagers who resisted the invaders in Britain and Germany met with a sizeable defeat, some of them being killed and some captured. In the sequel, the remains of the resistance rally,

drawing on the powers of Charlemagne's Crown and his Tallman, which holds a piece of the True Cross. Guided by voices from the stars, which are channelled through the psychic Alastor, they take these symbolic relics to opposite ends of a lay line, one at Glastonbury and the other in the City in the Sea, which the Freks have built to house their slaves. Once the Tallman has been brought, through great danger, to Glastonbury, the Freks and their man-made island collapse into ruins.

Exciting and well told though the story is, it lacks real depth. The Freks play a more direct part in the second book than in the earlier one, but remain crudely defined enemies, their lack of solidity being epitomized by their ruling Praesidium, made up of masked members whose individual identity is irrelevant. This reduces the story to a simplistic struggle between good and evil, in which the moral virtue is courage. But the forces of good are supported by the supernatural powers of the stars, while the forces of evil have only high technology to draw upon. With this scales so unevenly weighted, courage becomes less

praiseworthy and the final victory seems too easy. It is significant that, at the end of the book, time turns backwards, wiping out not only the palus and costs of the struggle, but also the development which the characters have undergone.

Nevertheless, in spite of these limitations, both books are well worth reading for the richness and diversity of the characters, from Charlie, the cheeky younger girl who carries the Tallman, to the eunuch Walther, leader of the German resistance, who must seem to collaborate with the Freks. All are totally credible, and the skill with which Rosemary Harris manages a large cast of characters split into scattered groups reinforces her claim to be an important children's writer. It is, indeed, the stature of the characters which makes the soft core of the story so obvious. Without that, the book would be a competent but ultimately insignificant piece of science fantasy. Because the author has reached beyond that, for something of greater importance, she has failed and the failure is disappointing. But it is also exciting, because it suggests what she may achieve.

## A difficult age

By Jennifer Moody

LOIS DUNCAN:  
*Summer of Fear*  
Hamish Hamilton £4.95.  
0 241 10544 7

KEN HORNSBY:  
*Wet Behind the Ears*  
Dobson £3.95.  
0 234 72302 9

"You're sixteen now—sweet sixteen—the age when lovely things begin to happen", muses the heroine of Lois Duncan's charming story, *Summer of Fear*. But neither she nor Jimmy, the sixteen-year-old hero of Ken Hornsby's book *Wet Behind the Ears*, find this an age at which life goes sweetly.

Miss Duncan has written a most attractive book. The plot centres around an Albuquerque family: brisk, talented, approachable, photographer mother; handsome, amiable, relaxed father; elder brother Peter; younger brother Bobby; and narrator and heroine, Rachel. Rachel is jolly, uncomplicated and happy in every way, with her family, with her girl-friend, and with her next-door-neighbour boy friend. But her mother's sister and brother-in-law are killed in a car crash, and their daughter, Julia, comes to live in Rachel's home. Except for Rachel and Rachel's dog, Trickle, everyone in the family becomes fond of Julia. Rachel's boy friend too falls headlong in love with Julia. Only Rachel finds Julia devious and calculating, and she gradually uncovers her as a wicked and a murderer.

The slow revelation of Julia's propensities raises this tale above iconoclastic narration. With mounting urgency Rachel tries to convince her family and friends of what is happening, only to find herself dismissed, rejected and punished as jealous and resentful. Real poignancy is evoked as Rachel's love and concern for her family lead her headlong into earning their disapproval. Miss Duncan has portrayed

trayed an innocent and trusting warmth, which makes the family's reluctance to recognize evil understandable and its existence among them the more eerie. The development of the narrative is steady, and tension is maintained admirably. Suitably baffling clues are dropped throughout and pulled together deftly in the final resolution of the mystery. Characters are rounded, believable and, with the exception of the dastardly Julia, lovable.

Very different is Mr Hornsby's staple hero, although he too is finding sixteen an uncomfortable age. He is taking stumbling steps towards his first sexual experience. It is often thought that this theme should be handled with delicacy and tenderness; however, there is the alternative view that if the subject is rushed at with all the vigour of a bull charging a torero, there will be no room or time for embarrassment. The author of *Wet Behind the Ears* has chosen the latter course. Jimmy Radcliffe tends to get red blotches when he is mortified and, poor lad, be often a. For he is exceptionally accident-prone: lavatory seats break, cats leap at him with claws stretched to their maximum, potholes deep with puddles materialize beneath his feet. And to add to his problems, he is trying to lose his virginity although he doesn't have anyone particular in mind. Such is his general degree of incompetence that when he finally manages, as the text says with uncharacteristic cynicism, "to get out of the grey and mystifying fields of boyhood", the mind boggles at what sort of a hash he is going to make of it. However, Mr Hornsby, for once, too kind to his hero to permit him to be consistent at this supreme moment.

It is something of a shame that in his preoccupation with Jimmy, Mr Hornsby has failed to develop the personalities of any other character. Two other boys appear in the book, but both are stereotypes: the unthinking bully and the score-counting Doo Juan. Three girls too drift through the plot, but they are virtually indistinguishable: the reader shares with Jimmy, and maybe with Mr Hornsby, complete incomprehension about why they behave as they do. A cheerfully amoral tale this, with little wisdom.

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DENT



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## Inducements to read

By Elaine Moss

The campaign against the use of educational publishers' reading scheme pamphlets in schools has prompted trade publishers to initiate series (Beginner Books, I Can Read, Breakthrough) that offer the child an opportunity to discover that reading can be fun and ought at all times to make sense; and that high quality art work well placed on the page is a trustworthy support for the reader's inspired guess at a difficult word.

But trade publishers, of course, know over less than teachers about how children learn to read. So, for this new series, they either turn to professional educators for help (Heinemann Easy-to-Read), search among backlist material for stories of a length that will fit their series (Evans "Pippin") or fall into the trap of grading material according to that hypothetical thing called reading-stage (Methuen Picture-Stories).

Of the series currently under review, Heinemann's Easy-to-Read is the most successful. Mary Hoffman, consultant to the series, is both an educationist and a novelist and her dual influence is apparent. Lively authors and artists have been brought together to tell satisfying stories in simple yet evocative language (lar removal from that of the plodding primers) and colourful pictures. Eileen Browne's *Nicki* ("cuts left off tables when Nicki was near them; clothes got dirty when Nicki was in them") triumphs over her more formal friends when a television producer comes along. In Brian Ball's *Dennis and the Flying Saucer* Dennis has fun impressing friends with his visitor from outer space—until the visitor becomes too real, even to Dennis and has to be dismissed. Otto the pig in the van *Mr. Mores* Penny and the Pigeon gives birth to a litter, much to young Penny's delight, her grandmother's surprise: a hilarious road. The *Fox Thicker* in Aidan Chambers' well-paced retellings of three Aesop's "Fables" have splendid illustrations. These four books are adventurous, dependable, welcome.

The Pippin books have exciting multicolour lettering in their splendid covers—but inside all is black and white which can be dreary (as it is in *Good Luck Keltorian United* and *Michou's Race Day*) or speedily eye-catching: the work of William Stebbins, master of line drawing and page design, makes the release of Joan Cass's *The Cat's Adventures with Car Thieves* more than acceptable, whilst Helen Backhouse's superb line drawings of frogs, dragonflies, pond-weeds, bring a complementary distinction to Mrs. Gatty's delightful story *The Mysterious Journey*. Pippin is an uneven series.

The Methuen Picture-Story Books have plenty of text and full colour pictures, yet look cheaper than the other two series, partly because in Orca Hallworth's *The Carnival Kite* the end-papers and half-title (left blank elsewhere in the series) have been used for assorted purposes in an ill-planned way. *The Carnival Kite* is a warm-hearted West Indian story about Arty whose Gramma makes him the most wonderful kite for the carnival. Does Arty win the prize? In the patois so skillfully used by the author one can ask, rhetorically, "What you think, eh?" Ian Fennell's *Robotom the Robot* is a riotous mump about a robot who did exactly what his aristocratic owner told him to do—"Make beds" for instance.

OLAOGY WILLIAMS: *The Mysterious Journey* 0 237 45532 3  
JANET LYNCH-WATSON: *Good Luck, Keltorian United* 0 237 45531 5  
PETER RICHARDS: *Michou's Race Day* 0 237 45529 3  
JOHN CASS: *The Cat's Adventures with Car Thieves* 0 237 45530 7  
Evans. £2.95 each.  
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RON and ATE VAN DER MEER: *Penny and the Pigeon* 0 434 97100 6  
AIDAN CHAMBERS: *Fox Thicker* 0 434 93162 2  
Heinemann. £2.95 each.  
ORCA HALLWORTH: *The Carnival Kite* Illustrated by Fatrice Aitken 0 416 87880 6  
IAN FENNEL: *Robotom the Robot* Illustrated by David Higham 0 416 89660 X  
Methuen. £2.95 each.

The French publishers Gallimard and the Swiss illustrator Eliezo Delsette have been awarded the "Best Illustrated Book of the Year" prize which will be presented at the Bologna Children's Book Fair on April 5. Mommil Publishing are introducing Delsette's creation *Yok-Yok* to British children on March 30 when they are publishing the English series. The first six titles are: *The Blackbird* (0 907144 16 0), *The Frog* (0 907144 17 9), *The Night* (0 907144 18 7), *The Rabbit* (0 907144 19 5), *The Cernipoll* (0 907144 20 9) and *The Magician* (0 907144 21 7). They are 99p each.

## Encouraging stories

By Anne Carter

Books designed to encourage reading are as much a feature of our age as moral and religious tracts were of the Victorian. To create a series of them, aimed at an audience whose sophisticated eustatips to their reading age, without descending either to spoon-feeding or mere lifeless didacticism, is something of a triumph. This, with some minor blemishes, Methuen seem to have achieved with their *Pied Piper*: a series as to format and intention but, within those limits, about as varied as they could be.

*Save Our School* by Gillian Cross,



A sketch of Sendak's niece Barbara as Altona the Lovely Lady Singer. From *The Art of Maurice Sendak reviewed on page 337.*

## Bridging the gap

By Ann Thwaite

Sometimes it seems, in a children's book world exhilarated by more and more lavish and amusing picture books, that there is no longer any need for what used to be called "bridge books"—these short novels in large type and slightly controlled vocabulary designed to appeal to children (be they five or nine years old) first reading on their own. More and more children are not only learning to read with picture books but continuing to read with picture books. They often make an encouraging alternative to those well-

*Sammy's Super T-Shirt* by H. MacLeod Robertson, *A Donkey Called Paloma* by Nina Warner Hooke and *Fishy Business* by Robert Lee are all likely to appeal to very different readers but each, in its own way, enjoyable and, what is more, in three cases, very funny.

*Save Our School* describes the efforts of a graceless trio, led by an infant Napoleon brilliantly named Barney Gihbo, to prevent the threatened closure of the Bennett Junior School, a "horrid place" until made desirable by its imminent success. A variety of ludicrous schemes, culled from the annals of "sit-in" only lead them into trouble but success comes, of course, from an unexpected direction. Racy, frequently vulgar and abounding in character, Bony, Spag and Clipper—two boys and a girl—are as real and recognizable as the streets among which they live.

The world of *Sammy's Super T-Shirt* is similar, only removed by a bus ride to an outer suburb, a place of chemical works, a river and decaying vicarages. The best adjective to describe the book is "action-packed", deriving no doubt from the fact that this was originally a film script. From the moment when Sammy, who is small, pink and ambitious to be the fastest boy in the world, accidentally lays hands on the doctored T-shirt which can help him achieve his ambition, the pace never lets up. He and his friend and trainer Marvin—Sammy's opposite, being long, black and idle—hotly pursued by a pair of hilariously stereotyped villains, demonstrate yet again how a pair of twelve-year-olds, wholly bewildered by what is going on, can still manage to outwit the greedy bullies of the adult world. No masterpiece of literature but, once going, not a book to put down.

Robert Lee's *Fishy Business* is a slightly more adult joke and not, perhaps, entirely successful. The undersea Raymond Chan-

eller world of Rick Salim, a Private Fish, and his small assistant, Snapper, is drier, thought out, with Hatched Fish, a Dume called Angel Sweetfishes and a mobster, Enzo Baracuda, not in mention. Police Inspector Hercule Pulsion, but the plot concerning the theft of the Sacred Chum and the threatened takeover of Atlantis by Fishfinger and his great white sharks is loose to the point of disintegration and the humour frequently a bit wet.

Nina Warner Hooke's aims are altogether more traditional. *A Donkey Called Paloma* is a simple, straightforward story of a Spanish country family and the little white horse who is their companion, pet, workmate and transport. When Juan, the father, dies, it is Paloma who makes it possible for his widow to make a living growing melons and when Paloma is injured it is a major disaster for them all. But when the tinkers steal Paloma her usefulness is already over and it is only the desperate concern of the children, Manolo, Pilar and Juana, that makes her rescue a matter of the utmost urgency. Despite its somewhat pedestrian prose style, this is an attractive story with some good backgrounds and unexpectedly subtle characterization.

GILLIAN CROSS: *Save Our School* Methuen. £3.50.  
0 416 89800 9  
H. MACLEOD ROBERTSON: *Sammy's Super T-Shirt* Methuen. £3.50.  
0 416 88070 3  
ROBERT LEE: *Fishy Business* Methuen. £3.50.  
0 416 20660 3  
NINA WARNER HOOKE: *A Donkey Called Paloma* Methuen. £3.50.  
0 416 89800 3

Intentioned books which can fail to help the young reader feel that his newly-mastered skill is worth exercising. Homish Hamilton's *Antelopes and Gazelles* have been around a long time, and few of them make eager hands reach out to open them. But if we don't want a notion of ten-year-olds reading nothing but *Asterix*, *Tinlin*, *Gentleman Jim* and *Cherlie Brown*, it still seems essential to encourage them early on to face up to the demands of pages of solid print.

Julia MacRae's *Blackbirds* are certainly more attractive than their predecessors, and if the publishers can keep up the standard of the first four titles will be reason for rejoicing. The wider pages, unjustified lines and the use of the open "a" and "g" certainly make them look much easier to read. The illustrations are particularly good. But even more important, of course, the writers have real stories to tell. There is something for everyone in this first lot—a rural story with a poofy lamb, an urban school story with a long-for-dog, a funny yarn about the Crooked Crab and its ragamuffin crew, and a story of escape from a forest fire to India.

JANE GARDAM: *Bridge and William* Illustrated by Janet Rowlin 0 86203 012 9  
BERNARD ASHLEY: *Dinner Ladies Don't Count* Illustrated by Janet Duchesne 0 86203 017 X

DELIA HUDDY: *The Tale of the Crooked Crab* Illustrated by Linda Birch 0 86203 022 6  
RUSKIN BOND: *Flames in the Forest* Illustrated by Valerie Littlewood 0 86203 027 7  
Julia MacRae Books. £2.75 each.

CATHERINE STORR: *The Big Bear* Illustrated by Elaine McGragan-Turney 0 241 10549 8

AOELE OERAS: *The Rug that Grew* Illustrated by Priscilla Lambert Hamish Hamilton: Gazelle Books. £1.80.  
0 241 10533 1

JENNY SEERO: *The Year One* Illustrated by Susao Sansome Hamish Hamilton: Antelope Books. £2.25.  
0 241 10530 1  
ANN RUFFELL: *Dragon Earth* Illustrated by Nicole Goodwin Hamish Hamilton: Gazelle Books. £1.80.  
0 241 10532 3

## Warne books

### LOOK OUT ... IT'S LITTLE ED!

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### MISS PRISCILLA SCARES 'EM STIFF

Written by Jennifer Zabel. Illustrated by Christopher Masters. Something dreadful is happening in Blackpebble! All the dogs are disappearing and it is feared to be the work of Toofth and Claw, notorious for selling very doubtful sausages. So Miss Priscilla, aided by pupil Timothy, decides to make the villas quake when their whereabouts are discovered in the creepy Neptune Inn. Four-colour illustrations. Ages 4-7. £3.50 net approx.

### TEDDY BEAR COALMAN

Written and illustrated by Phoebe and Selby Worthington. First published in 1948 and now available in a slightly larger format, this is the story of Teddy Bear Coalman, who has a horse, a cart and some little bags of coal which he delivers round the neighbourhood. A truly delightful four-colour picture-book for children aged between 2 and 4. £2.95 net.

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### TEDDY BEAR POSTMAN

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BOLOGNA: Stand 95, Pavilion G.  
Frederick Warne, Warne House, Vinson Lane, Dorking, Surrey RH4 3FW.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS

### The real thing

ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF  
*The Sword and the Circle*  
Illustrated by Shirley Felts.  
Bodley Head, £4.95.  
0 370 30387 3

Very occasionally, the opening sentence of a book works a small miracle on the reader. It is as if a shutter sprang open momentarily, to reveal the essence and truth of the entire book within a single visionary second. There is nothing obviously spectacular about the first sentence of *The Sword and the Circle* but the magic is there and with it the certainty that riches lie ahead.

Many followers of Rosemary Sutcliff must have waited and hoped for her to bring her own particular distinction to a retelling of the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. There are other available versions, of course, some of them admirable, and she herself has already entered the field briefly in 1971 with *Tristan and Isolt* and in 1979 with *The Light Beyond the Forest*, but *The Sword and the Circle* stands far above any collection known to me and should be seized on by anybody providing books for children upwards of ten years old.

With her usual scrupulous regard for authenticity, Rosemary Sutcliff has rooted the stories deep in history—in the Dark Ages of Britain, where behind a dense tangle of folklore, myth and legend there may well have existed the Roman-British war leader known to us today as King Arthur. The stories about him are so manifold that selection is the first prob-

## Versions of Gawain

ANN LAWRENCE:  
*The Hawk of May*  
Macmillan, £4.95.  
Illustrated by Shirley Felts  
0 333 28396 1

The old tales are still the most powerful ones, and any story that draws on Arthurian legends as well as that oasis among Middle-English studies, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, should always gain an advantage. Ann Lawrence, too, is an author with an excellent track record in absorbing folk-tales into playful, sensitive prose, but despite all this, her latest novel *The Hawk of May* is a disappointment. No one, for example, could expect her to reproduce anything like the rolling, alliterative rhythms created by the original Gawain poet. But when we get instead a confused pastiche that sometimes seems to owe less to Malory than to *Minority Towers*, End Blayton's school novels of former years.

Even so, this is no sustained attempt to recreate Arthurian myth in the spirit, say, of typical mid-twentieth century popular writing for children, with Gwain emerging as Glinger to King Arthur's Digles. That at least might have made some commercial sense, given the continued high sales of ossified best-sellers from the past, and even, perhaps, a point worth making in terms of social satire. But time and again, even facile readability is sacrificed to uninspired descriptions of woodland scenery, "rich and melodious" bird-song, or dawn breaking over the hills, all in a manner almost designed to drive any yawning young reader straight towards a television set. Pity, too, any teacher or parent at home faced with having to explain some of the tangle of family relationships and past history that constantly intrude into the text, or else with the task of reading aloud at a moment's notice clotted sentences like "Blessed trucks stood shrouded in old men's board, which turned them into shaggy towers." The accompanying illustrations by Shirley Felts offer a few compensations, meaningful, but hardly enough for such a hard day's read.

Despite all this, some of the magic of the old story works. Suspense builds up as the day of reckoning arrives with the famous riddle unanswered, and there is still satisfaction in seeing the aptly named Grim son of Gorm receive his final come-uppance. But compared with T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone*, or with novels by Alan Garner and William Mayno that re-work Arthurian legend into modern contexts, *The Hawk of May* is a non-starter. At a time when new authors are finding it so hard to get publishers, established writers must surely be seen to be worth their salt, perhaps or never before. Ann Lawrence has written well in the past, but her present offering—like King Arthur himself—would be better for never having existed in the first place.

Nicholas Tucker

## Moral beasts

VICTOR KALLEBERG:  
*The Hunting of Shadrach*  
Kestrel, £4.95, 0 7226 5688 2

There is a circumstance in which the famous problem of reviewing children's books—that the reviewer is not usually a child—vanishes. This is when a book reviews, in the reviewer, the sensations of childhood reading. They returned to me perfectly from the pages of *The Hunting of Shadrach*. The magic ingredients include the offer of a (totally new) geography; an interesting series of influences, of which the young hero is the victim; the hint of some mysterious cause of terror; the certainty of desperate journeys ahead. Where stories for children work, as this one does: they consume their readers; the pulse quickens, and there is a complete surrender. The adult, and here is the reviewer's problem, is rarely capable of such intense and unconditional submission to narrative. In the world set up by Victor Kalleberg, there are the blazes on which the Claret lives and the Greenlands, in which the hunt, but something is hunting them, and the young hero, blazes the path: huge,

lem. Predictably, Rosemary Sutcliff's choice is unerring; though she draws on a variety of sources for her material (some much earlier than Malory) and though links between stories are sometimes tenuous, yet one emerges at the end of a single totally involving piece of theatre.

For some, Rosemary Sutcliff's writing may perhaps be over-rich (though much less so than twenty years ago). It has the stately measure of seventeenth-century English prose, the sharp pathos of an old ballad and an echo of Homer in its beautifully tuned imagery, and yet it can be as homely and unpretentious as an old kitchen table. This way of writing has evolved over the years into a style unmistakably her own, so much so that it could be said to be too pervasive, like an over-heavy perfume, masking the individuality of each separate book. For most readers, I suspect, it provides the perfect vehicle for each of the stories she has to tell, and if in this collection the romantic influence of Malory is strong, Rosemary Sutcliff rises above it, a minstrel in her own right.

Of her many gifts as a writer for all ages, perhaps two are especially to be valued: the first, that of involving the reader with a character at a human and emotional level while still preserving the historical perspective; the second, that of gauging the pace of a book to such perfection. The tension is never allowed to slacken and yet there is time to laugh at a pompous ass of a knight being unhorsed backwards, time to ponder the sad truth that even in the Dark Ages a man could be torn apart because he loved his best friend's wife. It is for qualities like these that Rosemary Sutcliff's name will be remembered and revered long after others have been forgotten.

Ann Evans



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Granada Children's Books



## Pictures for the very young

By Joy Chant

**JOHN HURFORD:**  
*Frederick*  
 Spindlowood, £4.80.  
 0 907349 00 5

**MIMI VANG OLSEN:**  
*The Fur Children*  
 Collins, £2.95.  
 0 191357620 1

**ACCHIA BRUGER and IGISELA KALOW:**  
*The Happy Dog*  
 Methuen, £3.50.  
 0 416 21050 3

**PAULINE WATSON:**  
*The Happy Cat*  
 Kestrel, £3.25.  
 0 7226 5124 4

**INGA MOORE:**  
*Akili's Big Swan*  
 Oxford University Press, £3.95.  
 0 19 554250 9

**HAZEL EDWARDS:**  
*There's a Hippopotamus on our roof eating cake*  
 Hodder and Stoughton, £3.95.  
 0 340 25960 0

**PETER SPIER:**  
*Nothing Like a Fresh Coat of Paint*  
 World's Work, £3.95.  
 0 437 76515 6

**MIRRA GINSBURG:**  
*Where Does the Sun Go at Night?*  
 (Illustrated by J. Aruego and J. Dewey, Julia Macrae Books, £3.75.  
 0 86203 028 7

**ROBERT CROWTHER:**  
*The Most Amazing Hide-and-Seek Counting Book*  
 Kestrel, £4.95.  
 0 7226 5598 3

To start with a familiar complaint: in *Frederick* we have a book of pictures too sophisticated for the very young, attached to a story of such banality that it has no chance of mothering anyone. Which is a pity, because the pictures are very beautiful, and deserve a better fate. The coloured pages are complex, formal, rich, and the black-and-white designs are even lovelier; John Hurford is especially good at flowers and birds. I did not like the thin, jug-eared child – quite out of style – and some pictures, notably the giant snail, are a bit unnerving (but of course the book is not for children). The title is the sort of joke best kept in the family. Nor can I recommend *The Fur Children*. It has an intriguing Scandinavian setting, of a house with a snowy beach beyond the verandah, and some attractive pictures, but the earnest text tells no story, only follows a process. The "mother-and-baby" theme has been done better, and more fully; and there is some sentimentalizing here, with the appearance of the kitten "father" who is disturbing – battered, wild, irredeemably stray, last seen howling and bloody after a fight. The book has a pictorial error – we are told "Mama Pussy" has eight nipples, which according to the accompanying picture must be five on one side, three on the other. *The Happy Dog* is not good either. Bland pictures accompany a mild and silly story; and who wants a plump, unsexily, wingless, vegetarian dragon anyway?

*The Waiting Coat* may fail to be a great success, because of its dumb colour and American vocabulary ("hunting" coat, "glazed" doughnut, etc). But it is a likeable little story, though the thieving spoils it; but making people stare in more fun. In *Akili's Big Swan* Akili is a young mouse who attempts to swim the Channel, and who with the help of rockers and seagulls gets to France and back. It is quite

well told, with clear bright pictures; so it is hard to see why I cannot get enthusiastic. Perhaps the contrast between the mouse and the Channel is too great, too plain a play for sympathy. These are not furry mice but thin, tense rodents with large lidless eyes. Like them, the story lacks verve. I was prepared not to like *There's a Hippopotamus on our roof eating cake*, but I did. This is an engaging monologue by a small girl who comforts her sad and cross moments with thoughts of her private hippopotamus who can do as he pleases – eat cake, watch television all night, ride his bicycle anywhere; and who loves her, even when she has earned a smack from Daddy, enough to graze his knee when she grazes hers.

Peter Spier has long been a favourite of mine. *Nothing like a fresh coat of paint* does not have the rich detail that is so absorbing a feature of many of his books, but it has his lively freshness, here put to the service of a stepstick humour that really opens the generation gap. A book to make adults wrinkle: and an awful warning to parents who drive away without waiting to see the baby-sitter arrive, and so deserve all they get. The judgment that falls on these is a dreadful one. The children hear their mother say that the house needs painting (outside – it is wooden) so once they have done their chores they root out dozens of old cans from cellar and garage, and proceed to paint it. A minimal text, following their absorption in the work and their pleasure in contemplating their parents' delight, accompanies pictures showing the growth of the most appalling mess you have ever seen. Half the joke is that they are such good children, so eager to help, so careful to clean up (that cat should not be allowed to lick her technicolour coat) remembering even

## Unsuspected charms

By Elaine Moss

**JILL MURPHY:**  
*Peace At Last*  
 Macmillan, £2.95.  
 0 333 30642 2

**PHOEBE and SELBY WORTHINGTON:**  
*Teddy Bear Baker*  
 Frederick Warne, £2.95.  
 0 7232 2339 4

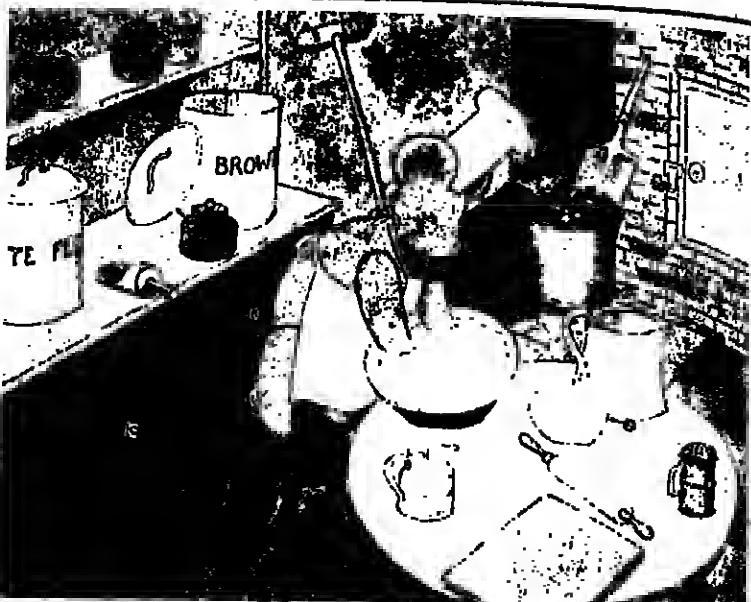
*Teddy Bear Baker* and *Peace At Last* look strangely out of place in the plethora of sophisticated art-pictures books (Bayley, Anderson), socially progressive family portraits (the van der Meers) and psychological explorations (Sendak and followers) that are typical of the 1980s scene.

What, one asks oneself, can be said about such simple, basic, unpretentious offerings? Even the youngest child will have no difficulty in following the story, absorbing the detail in the pictures, making each book his own. It is for this reason, perhaps, that neither book has received due critical attention: such comfortable, unfashionable books needed no intermediary. Perhaps it is embarrassing even to include them among the re-stocking internationally famed art work? But Jill Murphy's *Peace At Last* and Phoebe

and Selby Worthington's *Teddy Bear Baker* do deserve mention, special mention. Unashamedly British, totally child-oriented, carefully written and meticulously illustrated they make a restrained bid for a return of innocence to early childhood's picture books.

*Peace At Last* tells the story of Father Bear who cannot get to sleep anywhere. "Baby Bear... was lying in bed pretending to be an aeroplane... NYAAOW... NYAAOW" Garage, kitchen, garden – all have their night noises. But with dawn comes "peace at last" – and the alarm bell Jill Murphy's large framed colour pictures of the bears are full of good old-fashioned domestic humour, and her black-and-white illustrations that mingle with the satisfying text add their own delectable touches.

The Worthingtons' *Teddy Bear Baker* (published thirty years after their classic *Teddy Bear Cookin'*) follows, rather less colourfully, their own successful pattern. A working bear, this time a baker, has a shop (see picture) and a van (see picture); he bakes "bread and pies and special tarts and cakes" (see pictures). The paintings show every process of his work from making dough (THUMP THUMP THUMP) to confectioning pennies ("one, two, three, four, five"). Both stories quietly absorb children not in a hectic series of wild adventures but in the fascinating details of a single pursuit.



T. Bear Baker making the dough for the bread and going THUMP, THUMP, THUMP. From *Teddy Bear Baker* reviewed on this page by Elaine Moss.

## Transmogrifications

By Lucy Micklethwait

**HELMKE HEINRICH:**  
*Mr Miller and the Dog*  
 Dent, £3.50.  
 0 460 06057 0

**PAT HUTCHINS:**  
*The Tale of Thomas Mead*  
 Bodley Head, £3.25.  
 0 370 30357 1

**JOYCE and JAMES DUNBAR:**  
*Jugg*  
 Scolar Press, £4.95.  
 0 85967 596 3

*Mr Miller the Dog* illustrates the idea that people grow to look more and more like their pets. In this case the pet, a dog called Murphy, also increasingly resembles his owner, Mr Miller, so that by the end of the book they are virtually indistinguishable hybrids. Mr Miller, a night watchman, envies Murphy his lazy stay-at-home life, while Murphy is bored stiff and wishes he could go out and do a job like Mr Miller. After a few years they exchange places and in the end it is Mr Miller who fetches Murphy's slippers, chews the bone and lies curled up and content in the basket at the foot of Murphy's bed. A simple idea turned into a simple story for young children. The text in brief but sufficiently the drawings are, economical and lightly coloured. To the adult reader, the tale is sinister (and there is an obvious husband-wife parallel), but to children it is just a good joke for Mr Miller and Murphy are plump, cosy and, above all, secure.

*The Tale of Thomas Mead* is also a book created around a single idea. It is a cautionary verse about a boy who refuses to learn to read. "I wish you would" is the teacher's sigh. "Why should I?" Thomas Mead replied. "Falling to read, 'DANGER' workmen overhead" sign, Thomas walks into a ladder – the first of a series of accidents each caused by his inability to read, and culminating in his being arrested for jaywalking. "Baff me

out, Pat! Thomas cried. "When you can read" his ma replied. "Under this powerful stimulus and with the help of a splendid pair of quillbirds in striped combinations, he quickly master his ABC, and only two pictures later the tables are turned on his parents when he is seen tucked up in bed reading *Watson and Percy*. "Thomas! Put that book away! I wish you would" his mother sighs. But Thomas sleepily replies, "Why should I?" Pat Hutchins's strong, clear and lively illustrations take up the greater part of the space and the couplets of verse, one or two per page, are satisfyingly repetitious (much of the dialogue reappears in balloons in the pictures) and run smoothly. Although some of its American terms may need to be explained, this is a book which will be most enjoyed by those who can read it for themselves.

*Jugg* is altogether more ambitious, and very much longer, being predominantly text with occasional (rather nervous) illustrations. A small boy (known as Jugg) draws a jug with arms and legs and calls it Jugg. While the boy is out of the room, Jugg climbs out of the drawing book and embarks on a series of adventures around the house and garden. He meets a tooth-mug with a false grin and a taste for Public Impressions, then the evil Plunger, boss of the System (the plumbing), whose ultimate threat is that he will put his "finger on the button". Then there is an army of ferocious weeds, some grumpy hobhouse plants (which he kills with too much water), a team of spiders (for whom he forms a truce union), a draw full of disordered cutlery and many more. It is suggested that Jugg is searching for his own identity, but this is not a sufficiently coherent thread on which to hang the incidents in the story, and Jugg comes to no confident conclusion before he is mysteriously restored to the page of the drawing book. In so far as this is intended as a work of satire, it has several worthwhile ideas, but the social parallel is self-satisfactorily sustained. In part, at least, this must be because Jugg is not as easy a hero to manipulate. Indeed, the only memorable character is the venomous Plunger who is depicted in the illustrations with a bulbous and endearingly squishy face and no trace of a finger for his button.

## The state of the art-market

By Julia Briggs

The recession in publishing is beginning to take its toll, both of departments and of whole firms, and it might have been hoped that as a positive side-effect of this depressing situation publishers would be forced to be more selective in their choice of what to accept. The children's picture book market has, for some time, been saturated with badly-drawn, badly-written volumes, mostly selling at about four pounds each, which can be doing no possible good to anyone, least of all their young readers, who might just as well stick to such long-established favourites as *Babar* or *Orisdo*. Unfortunately that is not how business works. It seems. Books must be processed in order to keep afloat and pay the bills, and the desperate need to maintain turnover has resulted in steadily falling standards. Of the books reviewed here, none rises above the average, most would have been small loss to anyone had they sunk without trace. A case in point is *Bel Mooney's Lico's Yel-low Boat*. The pictures are crude and ugly, with smudgy fingermarks; the story is entirely commonplace. As a private present for a particular child it may well have been a charming gesture, but nothing about it can justify marketing it for a wider audience, as both publisher and author ought to have realized.

Best of the collection is a new edition of Oscar Wilde's *The Happy Prince*, with elegant and charmingly designed illustrations by Jean Claverie. Children often weep over this story, but for the adult reader it is too much like Andersen and, superadded, his allusive socialism located at a convenient distance from any real

experience. I am not sure whether children care greatly for *Howay* and *Griegel*, particularly in the authentic Grimm version in which the parents abandon their children in the woods so purposefully and persistently. An American artist, Susan Jeffers, has illustrated this tale with a series of delicately tinted, highly decorative pages and there is a strong sense of atmosphere achieved through the imaginative use of design.

These two books are from Germany and America respectively, and there has clearly been a recent tendency to buy in books from abroad as a cheaper and perhaps a more satisfactory option than commissioning them from English artists. Very different from the fantasy worlds created by Jean Claverie or Susan Jeffers are the simple, functional watercolours of the Danish artist Svend Otto S, though no less effective in their own way. *Jon's Big Day* is the story of an exciting yet quite believable adventure that occurs while the sheep are being gathered in. As a story, it makes few concessions to the fictional mode, just as its drawings make few concessions to the contemporary taste for stylization, relying on accuracy of observation instead. The changing sky and the various domestic animals in movement are impressively recorded. An example of how not to draw animals is provided by Etienne Delessert's *The Endless Party*, a version of the Noah's Ark story which seems to have been influenced by Brian Wildsmith. Unlike Wildsmith, though, Delessert has looked hard only at his animals' faces, losing interest in them below the neck. There seem to be no rules governing the illustrations beyond a commitment to incorporate as much abstract pattern as possible, and there are no rules for the story either. Most of the time the animals coexist happily and impulsively, playing games, with no necessity to eat – least of all one another.

More positively disturbing artwork is to be found in Monika Laingrubner's *Let's Make a Play*, whose pages are decorated with inharmonious combinations of scarlet, vermilion, puce and emerald green. This is a book with a good idea that has not been thoroughly thought out. A group of children are asked to make a play based on the Grimm's story "Briar Rose", which is related in a style suitable for young readers to adapt to dramatic form. The children proceed to allocate production tasks and roles in the play, but several of the most obvious difficulties are simply passed over in silence; for example "John and Elizabeth found planks to make a stage... it was time for the first rehearsal". Planks unfortunately do not make a stage of their own accord, and to provide a platform strong enough for several children to move around on at once is hardly the work of a moment. It is a detail that might have been better left out, if the effect of such barely fictionalized instructions is not to be merely frustrating.

With-fulfillment of rather a different kind is the subject of Anita Shaffer's *The Powder Box Lady*, in which Kate, having broken the lady's figurine of the title, after a dream visit to the Land of Lost and Broken, finds this object magically restored to its former undamaged condition next morning. The drawings, heavy and redolent of the 1930s, as is the interior decor, are accompanied by an exceptionally ugly type-face set in lines that appear to be unjustified. Scarcely less unattractive is *The Would-be Witch of Willemstown*, which, like *The Powder Box Lady*, is imported from Australia. The eponymous Mrs Pollywobble brings to life a repellent monster drawn by her neighbour Sam, which insists on eating small sandwiches until it occurs to Sam to rub out his drawing, a consummation devoutly to have been wished for by the illustrations. These are brightly coloured, vulgar, confusingly set out, and faintly

nauseating – furred tongues and boncless fingers wriggle disturbingly towards the arbitrary circles and squares into which the pictures are broken up.

Across the Atlantic, standards of illustration are noticeably higher. James Stevenson, the prolific cartoonist, relates the story of *Howard*, a duck left behind by the others (shades of John Burningham's *Borka*) who passes a New York winter in a derelict theatre in the company of a frog and three mice. His sketchy watercolours are evocative if somewhat sick. More to my taste are the drawings of that gifted pair Alice and Martin Provensen, though their latest book, *Walter Dean Myers's The Golden Serpent*, is unexpected in several ways. The story is set in India and has the quality of a folk-tale, but what it relates is a philanthropic if slightly pointless trick. The Provenses' illustrations underline the crowded yet harsh vision of the story, the uncompromising rocks of the gut contrasting with the whorls and arabesques of the eastern architecture. As a book it certainly attests these artists' admirable reluctance to repeat themselves, but somehow it does not quite provide sufficient opportunity for their characteristic excellences.

Enrol Lloyd's *Nini on Time a British*

**BEL MOONEY:**  
*Let's Make a Play*  
 Quercus Books, £4.95.  
 0 7043 2268 4

**OSCAR WILDE:**  
*The Happy Prince*  
 Illustrated by Jean Claverie.  
 University Press, £4.95.  
 0 19 279750 0

**THE BROTHERS GRIMM:**  
*Briar Rose*  
 Illustrated by Susan Jeffers.  
 Hamish Hamilton, £4.50.  
 0 241 10531 5

**SVEND OTTO S:**  
*Jon's Big Day*  
 Translated by Joan Tate.  
 Pelham Books, £3.25.

**ETIENNE DELLESSERT:**  
*The Endless Party*  
 Oxford University Press, £3.95.  
 0 19 279753 0

**MONIKA LAINGRUBNER:**  
*Let's Make a Play*  
 Julia Macrae Books, £3.95.  
 0 86203 082 x

publication, has the wholly commendable intention of depicting the lively hustle and bustle of a mixed multicultural society, such as so many districts of London now afford, with all the variety of dress and short design that implies. He has a quick eye for detail and an immensely warm and positive response to the urban scene – these are valuable, even exceptional, qualities among children's authors. Indeed this is the only book here discussed that concerns itself with the kind of life that the majority of its readers will actually live. Unfortunately technical skills fail him somewhat, and the numerous busy figures are drawn with an unconvincing stiffness that makes them look posed, rather than in movement as intended. The cars look like cars, but the people look like dolls. Nevertheless his heart is in the right place, which is more than one can say for the pointlessly whimsical and parochial humour of *Brithwaite's Original Brass Band*. Here cardboard musicians characterized by idealized button eyes and triangular walrus moustaches sail off into outer space, where globular monsters force them to give a cacophonous concert from which they escape by sliding down a music scale back to Earth. No wonder publishers are in such dire straits.

**ANITA SHAFER:**  
*The Powder Box Lady*  
 Oxford University Press, £4.50.  
 0 19 554263 0

**PAT TRAYNOR:**  
*The Would-be Witch of Willemstown*  
 Illustrated by Carol Pelham-Thorman.  
 Oxford University Press, £3.95.  
 0 19 554243 6

**JAMES STEVENSON:**  
*Howard*  
 Victor Gollancz, 3.95.  
 0 575 02918 8

**WALTER DEAN MYERS:**  
*The Golden Serpent*  
 Illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen.  
 Julia Macrae Books, £4.25.  
 0 86203 087 0

**BRROL LLOYD:**  
*Nini on Time*  
 The Bodley Head, £3.95  
 0 370 0301 6

**PETER STEVENSON:**  
*Brithwaite's Original Brass Band*  
 J.M. Dent, £3.95.  
 0 460 06936 x

## from The Toy-Cupboard

The balancing man  
is a diplomat:  
On his scallious head  
Sits a balancing hat.

Beneath that hat  
I do declare  
His braincase is meandering  
Every hair,

And every hair  
Is exactly split  
Into what it was  
And what was it.

His smile says Now  
But his eyes say When?  
Never argue  
With balancing men.

John Mole

## Fun & Fiction from Hutchinson

**JOSEPHINE POOLE**  
*Hannah Chance*  
 A brilliant new novel of suspense by the author of such highly successful children's thrillers as *Touch and Go*.  
 A rattling good tale, written with pace and peopled with believable monsters. *Daily Telegraph*, 24.80.

**HELEN GRIFFITHS**  
*Blackface Stallion*  
 Illustrated by Victor Arnbrus  
 Set in the bleak desert of northern Mexico, this is the powerful and fascinating story of a wild stallion born to be king of his own herd. Helen Griffiths has always had a particular gift for writing about animals. *Junior Bookshelf*, £4.95.

Compiled by Richard Davis  
**Animal Ghosts**  
 Chilling, curious and funny, this is a collection of ghost stories with a difference – all the ghosts are animals. £4.95.

## & Andersen Press

**FULVIO TESTA & NAOMI LEWIS**  
*Leaves*  
 Leaves is for the making of dreamers, artists and poets. Rust-rich pictures by Fulvio Testa and a wistful, romantic but never sentimental text by Naomi Lewis. *The Listener*, £3.80.

**JANOSCH**  
*The Big Janosch Book of Fun and Verse*  
 The nursery book of the season Naomi Lewis, *Observer*: "This bumper anthology of stories and verse is outstanding – funny, lively, witty and original." *Guardian*, £6.80.

**TONY ROSS**  
*Hugo and The Ministry of Holidays*  
 A sequel to his highly praised *Hugo and Oddsock* and *Hugo and the Man Who Stole Colours*. "His pictures are stunning, wildly funny, with a brilliance of line and colour that hold admiring attention." *Observer*, £2.95.

ANDERSEN PRESS

## FABER books of the year

**A Friendship of Equals**  
 GINA WILSON  
 The author of *Cor Raven* again explores the theme of friendship in the face of difficulties, between two girls from very different backgrounds who are determined to remain friends despite family opposition on one side and physical handicap on the other. *May*, £4.50.

**Christopher Uptake**  
 SUSAN PRICE  
 Set in a world of struggling writers and double-agents, this tense drama of blackmail and espionage in Elizabethan England relates issues of loyalty and betrayal, and the ideals of courage and honour against the powerful instinct of self-preservation. *April*, £4.75.

**Sarah's Nest**  
 HARRY GILBERT  
 When Sarah was fourteen her mother walked out, leaving daughter and husband to fend for themselves. A new school and new friends helped Sarah to feel less bereft, and the story of an amiable nest began to absorb her conscious mind. Then came the accident – while Sarah's body lay in coma she herself was in the Nest, thinking and feeling as an art, yet retaining enough human intelligence to recognise the fearful danger that threatened the ants with disaster. *£4.50*.

**Mr Plum's Oasis**  
 Story and pictures by ELISA TRIMBY  
 Colourful pictures packed with minute detail illustrate Mr Plum's journey to the Middle East to create a garden in the desert. A sequel to *Mr Plum's Paradise*. *April*, £3.95.

**The Square Gang**  
 BARRY MITCALFE  
 When Ritchie came from Australia to London, everything seemed strange, but he soon settled down in the Battersea square and made friends with the local kids. No body had much money but they made their own amusements, and though a murder in the neighbourhood briefly threatened racial harmony, all the gang were eager to help when troubles came to Ramon and Columbine. *June*, £4.55.

**Under the North Star**  
 Poems by TED HUGHES  
 Water-colours by LEONARD BASKIN  
 The poems and pictures combine to evoke the landscape near the Arctic Circle, and in particular the birds and animals that live there, "under the North Star". *April*, £5.95.



John Mole







## The Battle of Saxe Street Playground

"Keef says you love Joanne".  
That's how it all began—  
Keith in his Superman  
Tee-shirt, lamenting.  
Who could ignore the slight?  
"Look do you wanna fight?"  
"I can fight you!" "Orright!"  
Both unrelenting.

Gary's a turtle slave  
And, when accused of love,  
Straightaway throws down his glove,  
Wants a battle—shally.  
Crowds flock to see the treat—  
Wild flailing fists and feet—  
Either of them could beat  
Mohammed Ali.

Wrestling, like on TV,  
Plains him down with your knee,  
Kick out and struggle free—  
Boil Keith and Gary!  
Loud the onlookers cheer:  
Till they see, coming near,  
One who would strike cold fear  
Into King Larry.

Now the crowds drift away  
Back to their harmless play.  
"Sir, there's a fight!" they cry  
In helpful ways.  
Sir, with the practical charm  
Of a well-built gardener,  
Holds each boy by an arm,  
Limits his choices.

It's time to make amends,  
Shake hands and say we're friends.  
Peace reigns and playtime ends—  
Sir is the victor.  
Back upstairs in Class 8  
Gary and Keith, his mate,  
Sit down and draw great  
Bee constrictor.

Wendy Cope

## new children's titles



### PICTURE BOOKS

#### Zebra Goes to School

Marjorie Ann Watts

Jimmy, slightly nervous at the thought of his first day at school, decides to take his invisible friend Zebra with him for company. But Zebra turns out to be more of a hindrance than a help.

May 14 248 x 215mm 32pp  
Full colour throughout 233 97241 2  
£4.35

#### Where Do Elephants Hide?

David McPhail

Elephant and lion playing hide-and-seek because he was so big he couldn't always be seen. But one day the hunters came, and he just had to find a way of concealing himself.

May 14 190 x 225mm 32pp  
Full colour throughout 233 97349 4  
£4.35

### FICTION

#### The Day After Yesterday

Geraldine Kaye

A warm and sensitive story about a young Chinese girl who has to exorcise a terrifying experience she had in Hong Kong before being able to settle down happily to life in England.

April 16 198 x 122mm 96pp  
b/w illustrations 233 97344 3 £4.25

### No Pets Allowed

and other animal stories

Margaret Dinnett

Each of the stories in this charming collection is concerned with what happens when children try to tame or befriend creatures who, in one way or another, have become part of the human scene.

April 16 198 x 122mm 144pp  
b/w illustrations 233 97103 3 £4.95

### The Palace of the Moon

and other tales from Czechoslovakia

Translated by Ruzena Wood

Illustrated by Krystyna Turka  
This distinguished collection of twelve Czech tales, newly translated from Czech originals, is beautifully illustrated with both power and sensitivity.

Published in black and white £4.95

### The Stupid Tiger

and other tales

Upendrakishore Raychaudhuri

Translated from the Bengali by William Radice

Illustrated by William Radice  
This delightful collection of stories, rooted firmly in the folk tradition where who wily defeats the strong and the bully gets his comeuppance, has long been a children's classic in West Bengal.

Published in black and white £3.95

Andre Deutsch

## Paperbacks in brief

*Not Now, Bernard* by Robert McKee (Sparrow Books, £1.25, 0 09 924050 5). First published in hardback in 1980, a wryly humorous picture book with short captions describing Bernard's efforts to tell his inattentive parents that there is a monster in the garden. The monster eats Bernard, gobbles up his dinner, watches television and goes to bed (undisturbed) in Bernard's place. The moral is "listen to your child". Ages 5-7.

*Benjamin's Dreadful Dream* by Allen Ocker (Picture Lions, 85p, 0 00 661784 0). First published in hardback in 1980. A surrealist picture book describing a guinea pig's nightmare. The dream involves food, fireworks, water and flying through space but Benjamin finds safely back in bed again. Ages 5-7.

*Moving Molly* by Shirley Hughes. 1978. (Picture Lions 85p, 0 00 661784 4). Picture-book story of a girl moving house. A gently realistic treatment of the furniture removers, the new home with the hole in the fence and children next door. Ages 5-7.

*MacGooses' Grocery* Frank Asch. 1978. Illustrated by James Marshall. (Hippo, 75p, 0 590 72077 5). Mr and Mrs MacGoose live in a grocery store with their children Junior, Sis and the egg. Some playful wessels come in when no one is at home. The egg hatches and everyone lives happily ever after. Ages 5-7.

*The Lost Merbaby and The Wishing-Nut Tree* by Margaret and Mary Baker. 1927 (Puffin 80p, 0 1403 1185 8). A reissue of the tale of the baby lost by the mermaids and of the miller's three lazy sons. Reprinted with the original silhouette drawings. Ages 5-7.

*The River Bank* by Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Magnet £1.10, 0 416 24270 7). New illustrated picture book of the first chapter of *Wind in the Willows*, telling of the joys of messing about in boats and Mole and Rat's picnic. Ages 5-7.

*Tin and Charlotte, Tin's Friend Tower, and Tin and Ginger* by Edward Ardizzone. (Oxford University Press, £1.75 each, 0 19 272118 6, 0 19 272112 7, 0 19 272113 5). First published in hardback in 1951, 1962 and 1965 respectively. Black-and-white and colour illustrations in large format edition of the sea-side adventures of Tin.

*Big Dipper* by June Epstein, June Factor, Owenda McKay and Dorothy Rickards. Illustrated by Allison Lester. Original. (Oxford University Press, £4.95, 0 19 554289 4). An anthology of short stories, poems, songs, music, pictures and ideas for things to do. Ages 7-11.

*The Georgian Household* by Jean Ellenby. Illustrated by Juliet Stanwell-Smith. Original. (National Trust/Dinosaur 085122222 6). Simple account of family life and society in England under the four Georges with special reference to art and architecture and glowing references to the condition of the poor. Clear postcard illustrations. Ages 7-11.

*The Old Nurse's Stacking Basket* by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Edward

Ardizzone. 1931. (Puffin 80p, 0 1403 1220 X). Tales recounted in Doris, Ronald, Roland and Mary Matilda while Nurse darts the stockings in the unending basket and recalls such past charges as the Princesses of India and China, the Proud Infanta and the Sea-Baby. Ages 7-11.

*Here's Sam* by Dorothy Edwards. Illustrated by David Higham. 1979. (Magnet, 80p, 0 416 89520 4). The adventures of Sam, who lives on an estate with his mum and dad and bossy sister, Julie. Sam plays for the Works football team, meets a pop star, finds a ghost and takes part in the school play. Ages 7-11.

*A Dinosaur Called Minerva* by Tessa Knaitling. Illustrated by Maggie King. Original. (Hippo Books 0 590 70031 6). The humorous tale of Simon Peter Richard Ogden (known as Spring) and his efforts to cure the toothache of the dinosaur who lives in a cave in the Mendips hills. Aunt Ciss and Mr Spruce the dentist provide invaluable help. Ages 7-11.

*Moukky's Orphan* by Gillian Arbery. Illustrated by Faith Jacques. 1978. (Puffin, 75p, 0 1403 1269 2). Set in the Oxfordshire of ninety years ago. Moukky finds an orphan boy on the London streets and after some trouble, brings him home to mum and dad to share their warm but crowded cottage. Ages 8-11.

*The Snow House* by Nora Wilkinson. Illustrated by Martin J. Cotton. Original. (Puffin, £1.25, 0 1403 1289 7). Set in nineteenth century Yorkshire. Unsympathetic Aunt Jem has taken over the running of the household and Fred is in bed with a feverish cold when a deputation of mice appears. The mice have a home made for them in an enormous snowball and are rescued from the evil travelling man by Fred, his brothers and sisters and the cat. Men come back from the sanatorium and all is well. Ages 7-11.

*Little Lord Fauntleroy* by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Menor Huebner. 1886. (Puffin 85p, 0 1403 1411 3). Cedric's translation from the streets of New York to Dorncourt Castle in the English countryside. The winning over of the crusty old earl and the happy establishment of Cedric's mother, Dearest. Ages 8-11.

*Take the Long Path* by Joan de Hamel. (Puffin 85p, 0 1403 1257 9). First published in hardback in 1979 and winner of the New Zealand Library Association's Esther Glen Award. David and his friend Heml play a part in the resettling of the descendants of Teuwaal through the re-enactment of Maori spirit stories and legends. Ages 8-11.

*It* by William Mayne. 1977. (Puffin, £1.25, 0 1403 1171 2). An eerie story about twelve-year-old Alice's troubles with her family which are compounded by the influence of the spirit force "It". Harmony is achieved when Alice realizes that she has the power to do right independently of "It". Ages 11 and over.

*The Sea-Witch* by Joan G. Robinson. 1979. (Sparrow Books, 80p, 0 600 20232 1). A relatively undemanding tale of Meg and her younger brother Maxie who are left with Hannah the au pair girl in the

holiday cottage when their parents go to London overnight. Hannah has to leave them and they are taken care of by flighty Mrs Jarvis next door. A new baby explains their parents' neglect and Mrs Jarvis turns out not to be a witch. Ages 9 and over.

*Break in the Sun* by Oernard Ashley. Illustrated by Charles Keeping. 1980. (Puffin, 85p, 0 1403 1331 9). A tough modern setting for Furry Olligh's escape from her unhappy home and cruel stepfather to join a troupe of actors on a boat on the Thames. After a character-building scene in a Margate funfair, Furry and her friend Kenny are left with the hope of overcoming their problems. Ages 11 and over.

*Lavie Come Home* by Eric Knight. 1942. (Puffin 85p, 0 1403 1295 5). Lavie has to wait to see his family and friends away from the Duke of Rutland's mansion in Savoy back home in his young owner Joe Caraculough in York. Ages 8-11.

*The edge of Beyond and The Death Rays of Artilia* by Captain W.E. Johns. 1938. (Pleco Books, 95p each, 0 330 26288 2, 0 331 26289 0). Two interplanetary adventures by the author of the Biggles books. The first includes the wealthy and eccentric scientist-inventor Professor Lucius Baze, Group-captain "Tiger" Clinton his son Rex and Onitor "Toby" Paul. Ages 8-11.

*The Lost World* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Illustrated by Ian Newsham. 1911. (Puffin 95p, 0 1404 1385 0). The dramatic account of the expedition to the Amazon jungle as narrated by journalist Ed Malone of the *Daily Gazette*. Ages 11 and over.

*The Clearance, The Resting, The Flight, The Reunion* by Joan Lloyd (Beaver Books, 95p each, 0 600 2029 1, 0 600 20300 X, 0 600 20301 8, 0 600 20302 6). A quartet devoted to the ups and downs of Glaswegian Maggie McKelvey as she grows up from the age of fifteen to nineteen, falls in love, takes a job in Canada and comes home. Older readers.

*You Tell Me* by Roger McGough and Michael Rosen. Illustrated by Sara Mella. 1979. (Puffin, 75p, 0 1403 1286 2). A collection of mostly jocular poems for children including "Funny Poem" and "The Hugel Thing to do in the World". Ages 8 and over.

*Heroes and Heroines* by James Kenyon (Granada, 95p, 0 583 30309 9). Original. A collection of fourteen brief lives of well-known figures as Douglas Bader, Hillary and Tenzing, Noli Armstrong and Virginia Wade. Ages 8 and over.

*The Sparrow Book of Record-Breakers* by Pamela Clover. Illustrated by Ros. Original. (Sparrow Books, 85p, 0 09 92010 7). A book of records set by children from the youngest which and the youngest high jumper to the youngest gold medalist and the youngest rule-in-unc. Ages 8 and over.

## Well-rehearsed dreams

By Victoria Glendinning

L. M. MONTGOMERY

*Jo of Lantern Hill*

0 207 14348 X

*The Blue Castle*

0 207 14340 4

Angus and Robertson, £2.95 each.

These two lesser-known books by L. M. Montgomery (1874-1942), the Canadian author of *Anne of Green Gables*, are humorously similar both in plot and detail, though separated in the writing by more than ten years. Both are about lonely girls in stifling urban households who are transported to heaven—in the form of a simple cottage in rural Newfoundland and the congenial company of an author with a mysterious past. Both see this paradise threatened and are cast once more into outer darkness; both have paradise finally restored to them with a new miracle.

*Jo of Lantern Hill* was first published in 1937. Jo lives in a crumbling mansion in Toronto with her sad and lovely mother, and her horrible rich grand-mother. She is secretly in love with the photograph of a journalist that she has

out of of a newspaper. The summer that she is twelve, she is unwillingly dispatched to wild, beautiful Prince Edward Island to stay with her unknown father—who turns out to be none other than the admired journalist. (He writes under a pseudonym; has reddish hair, a clapped-out motor car, and two cats.) Blistering father-daughter intimacy ensues. Jo blossoms and expands, a child of nature. She also becomes a regular little housewife.

"That silver does need cleaning," said Jo in a rapture. What fun she would have clearing it and washing up all those dainty and delicate dishes.

A well-timed bout of pneumonia on her part detours her father from seeking an overdone divorce and brings both her parents, hand in hand after ten years, to her bedside. "There would be no more misunderstanding," Jo, Jane, understood them both and could interpret them to each other. And here an eye on too housekeeping as well.

*The Blue Castle* came much earlier, in 1926. The cover of this edition depicts a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress, both looking at each other. It is a fact that Montgomery, a colourless, blond old maid in the eyes of her unsympathetic family, though released in series

with *Jo of Lantern Hill*, this version of the fantasy cannot have been intended for children at all.

Valancy lives in small-town gentility in Ontario, dominated by a nasty mother. She day-dreams of a Blue Castle where she will be free, in rapturous companionship with an attentive Prince Charming. She is cheered in her daily round by the books about nature by a sort of imaginary Canadian Thoreau, from which she quotes verbatim. When a doctor tells her she has only a year to live, Valancy breaks out, and proposes marriage to the local ne'er do well. She has a year's life left, with him (he has reddish hair, a clapped-out motor car, and two cats) in a cabin on a pine-clad island off foundry the best and dearest, and Jo'll be little and chum a fellow can have," he tells her. She grows girlish; she even bobs her hair. A hefty confession of plot puts the happiness in jeopardy: when her husband is returned to her she finds that he is none other than the pseudonymous author of her favourite nature books. Moreover, he is the son of a millionaire.

Who was Lucy Maud Montgomery's tawny-haired author-lover-father? Or did he live only in her imagination? A really sustaining and much-rehearsed personal fantasy can take a writer, and her readers, a very long way.

## Selecting the celebrities

By F. W. Kellaway

Purnell's Encyclopedia of Famous People

Purnell, £4.95

0 361 04646 4

The Children's Pictorial Atlas

Purnell, £2.95

0 361 04970 2

Here are two reference books of good value, likely to appeal to their potential audience, and attractively produced with sensible layout and use of colour. But, before detailing the contents and merits, there are a couple of quibbles of some strength to be made. Firstly, it is stretching the definitions of encyclopedia and atlas to use these attributions in these contexts. Secondly, the space allotted to various topics is misleading.

Judgments on the relative importance of people (who is a "celebrity"?), especially when the word is so abused; what constitutes a "personality"?; what is (and) is not, of course, subjective in the extreme. Moreover, while the dust-jacket suggests that the "encyclopedia is a reference book for all the family" it would appear to be directed to the younger members, with trendy names prominent alongside the historic.

There are inconsistencies. Muhammad Ali runs at eighty words, roughly the same as King Alfred in the immediately preceding paragraph and Idi Amin in the next following. But there is no mention of, say, Henry Cooper. Again, the "group" to have most attention is the Beatles with about twice the space that is given to Ali, or Alfred, or Amin. Paul Simon, Elvis Presley and Joan Baez are all there, while Scott Joplin has a longer piece than Paderewski, or, for that matter, Brahms, Elgar or Rossini. Jac-

queline du Pré and Isaac Stern are noted, but not Alfred Brendel, James Galway or Paul Tortelier. Similar anomalies pervade the book, whatever the field from which the subjects come. In the performing arts, it appears to be the sensational or meretricious who have preference: worthy names appear, but the omissions are many.

Elsewhere, Mrs Thatcher and Mr Heath have been included; Michael Foot and Anthony Eden have not. Peppy and his diary are recalled, but not Evelyn. The mathematics of Newton and Leibniz are recorded, but in this age of computers it is reasonable to expect Babbage or T. J. Watson, all of whose contributions to present-day society are at least as significant as those of the pop-folk and filmstars who have such prominence. But microtechnology as a whole has only micro-coverage.

However, this game of spotting who is in or who is out is not at the heart of the gravamen; it is the imbalances that niggle. The truth probably lies in a mistaken idea that it is possible to cram into a single volume of about 150 pages an encyclopedia coverage. With an average of around 100 words per entry, justice cannot be done. Yet there is another Janus-like face which should have its say. For the basic concept is sound, and within their self-imposed limitations, the compilers have covered a remarkable amount of ground, providing concise, (though, often, over-verbose), accurate summaries of lives and achievements of over a thousand varied characters.

It is just not possible to do an adequate job in such a space. A hundred words will not suffice for J. S. Bach, Francis Bacon, Stanley Baldwin or Balzac (all on another page, opened at random). A series on specific themes (science, music, art, politics, royalty, sport and all the rest) with a better distribution of space allotted to a fuller selection of names might be

more effective. So to the "atlas" which is not a collection of maps. True, about a dozen pages carry maps, but the rest of the eighty pages (a figure which includes the outside and inside of the front and back covers) have lavishly illustrated details of various geographical and sociological facets. The place of the earth in space, its surface, the distribution of mountains, rivers, flora and fauna, energy sources and uses, conservation and the major facts about the continents are some of the features portrayed.

The selection of material is good, the plans, photographs and drawings are descriptive and evocative, and the information condensed on the maps is remarkably extensive. So if, in the true sense of the word, the atlas section is limited, the whole is a thoroughly worthwhile compendium.

## Lynx

The hushed limbs of forest.  
Of clouds, of mountains, here  
Take their hard-earned rest  
Under the lynx's ear.  
In his sleep, they sleep—  
As in a deep lake—sleep.

Do not disturb this beast  
Or clouds will open eyes.  
Somewhere the forest  
Will fold away all its trees  
And hazy the mountains  
Fade among their stones.

Ted Hughes

## Making music

By Wendy Cope

PETER E. ALFAENGER

*Make Your Own Music*

Blackie, £5.50

0 216 91003 X

KENNETH and VALERIE McLEISH

*This is Music*

Heinemann, £4.95.

0 494 94995 7

One of the lively and colourful illustrations in *Make Your Own Music* shows a living-room full of children discovering sounds. A little girl strikes a glass lampshade with a stick; others scrape the radiator, jangle keys and tap out rhythms on tables and cupboards. In the kitchen another group experiments with success, cutting and boiling, while upstairs a boy, singing happily, performs a clog dance to the bath.

A parent's nightmare perhaps, but these youngsters are off to a good start in their musical education. Peter Alfaenger is of the school of thought that believes

children should experience music, from the first, as a creative art. Listening to the world around them, trying to find "a sound hiding in everything", his characters have a high old time and learn a great deal in the process. They discover, for instance, that large objects have a lower pitch than small ones, and that there are several different techniques for producing sound-punching, blowing, shaking, and so on. Eventually they realize that in order not to make "a din" they need to listen to each other. They begin to work together and to create their own simple compositions for body, voice and whatever else comes to hand. Readers are, of course, urged to try these activities for themselves.

The second half of the book contains dozens of suggestions for home-made instruments, ranging from the very basic (rattles and coconut shells) to the relatively sophisticated (wind instruments with reeds and a five stringed harp). Most of them are made from materials that could be obtained without much trouble, although I doubt whether many English readers will have the wherewithal for a champagne barrel drum—perhaps they are easier to come by in France where *Make Your Own Music* was first published.

Alfaenger's pictures are so full of interesting detail that even non-readers could gain something from browsing through his book. The same is true of the very well-researched photographs and prints reproduced in *This is Music*, an information book which focuses on music in everyday life through the ages.

Kenneth and Valerie McLish have organised their material into chapters on topics such as "Public Music-Making", "Music in the Home" and "Celebrations". This allows the juxtaposition of ancient and modern: medieval gleemen and a recent folk festival, an Assyrian military band and the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards. In the text the authors have concentrated mainly on explaining the illustrations and pointing out details that a child might otherwise miss, thereby providing a valuable lesson on how to learn about history from pictures.

It is a fascinating book, but I would have liked to see more pictures of the kinds of music-making today's children could recognize from their own experience. One or two photographs of contemporary rock groups would do a lot to ease to come by in France where *Make Your Own Music* was first published, which is lauded.

## Nature from books

By Peter Dance

Purnell's Encyclopedia of Nature

Purnell, £4.95

0 361 04937 4

GALE COOPER

*Inside Animals*

Hodder and Stoughton, £3.95.

0 340 25872 1

To cover all living nature adequately is the avowed aim of *Purnell's Encyclopedia of Nature*. In several respects that aim is achieved, although the book resembles many other single-volume encyclopedias intended for the older child. Enthusiasm will satisfy those who browse in books rather than those who seek answers to specific questions in them.

There is much useful information here and the illustrations, mostly photographs, are well selected. Unfortunately the interests of the Production Department, as so often happens with books of this kind, have been catered for rather too obviously. It looks as though everything has been written in two-page spreads (almost certainly that is how it was designed) each spread being devoted to a single topic such as pinnate plants, food chains and webs, crustaceans, vegetarians, and animal homes. Should the reader find a two-page spread too taxing there are rectangular "boxes" scattered through the text containing pointed facts of varying interest and importance such as the Plover forger, hibernation, scavenging and camouflage. These boxes are further temptations to browse.

The arrangement of topics is confusing at times. Often a minor topic, such as electric and luminous animals, is given as much attention as a major one, such as migration. Occasionally a topic is very well handled. The genetic code, for instance, is a difficult subject to explain simply and concisely. The explanation of it in this

book, however, comes as close to making it comprehensible as any I have read. Evolution has not been handled so lucidly. It is not enough merely to travel in the well-worn footsteps of Darwin and Wallace. That is merely to cover part of the history of evolutionary theory.

The pictures should ensure a place for this encyclopedia in school libraries. The text deserves to be read too because it represents a lot of hard work, covers a wide field succinctly, and provides the necessary gallery for the pictures. A picture will show you what a centipede looks like, but to learn that it is a ferocious carnivore and occasionally a cannibal you must read about it. You could do worse than read about it in this reasonably priced book.

Of quite a different character is Gale Cooper's *Inside Animals*. A slim but sturdy volume it contains a limited but businesslike text and bald, unsentimental drawings showing the inner workings of different kinds of animals. Superfluous details have been sacrificed and the labelling minimized in the interests of simplicity and clarity.

I learned from it that the camel does not store water in its hump, only fat. Not every children's book is capable of enlarging my education with gratuitous snippets of that kind. The excellent index at the end of this unpretentious volume was another little surprise which should not go unrecorded.

*Ants* (£2.25, 0 241 10539 0). Illustrated by Tony Swift and David Cook, and *Bees and Wasps* (£2.25, 0 241 10540 4) illustrated by Tony Swift and Norman Weaver are the latest books in Harriett Hamilton's "Small World Series". Other works in the series, whose consultant editor is Henry Fluckrose, are *Bees*, *Elephants*, *Horses*, *Whales*, *Apes*, *Birds*, *Dinosaurs*, *Lions and Tigers*.

*Small World* has clear, simple texts and is "designed in consultation with experts to give young children an introduction to various aspects of the natural world". Man is represented in this splendidly illustrated pictorial Noah's ark with the inclusion of a book on Eskimos and are on Plains Indians.

## It's all happening on the Heinemann stand (G23)

- \* **ROBOT** by Jan Pienkowski  
A humdinger of a title. Another remarkable mechanical book to follow the huge international success of *Hunted House*.
- \*



## Former magic

By Ruth Harris

JAMES STEPHENS:  
The Crook of Gold  
Illustrated by Thomas Mackenzie  
Macmillan, £7.95.  
0 333 30807 7

E. NESBIT  
The Magic World  
Illustrated by H. R. Millar and Spencer  
Pryce, £3.95.  
0 333 30783 6

We still enjoy E. Nesbit but does anyone now read James Stephens? The *Magic World* is a collection of short stories, a minor work but still a treat while *The Crook of Gold* is important not only in itself but because it is essential to an understanding of the Celtic Renaissance. Both books were first published in 1912 and have now been reissued by Macmillan in their Facsimile Classics series with illustrations by contemporary artists.

E. Nesbit's is bread-and-butter magic, to "The Cathead of Mautice", which is perhaps the best of these stories, the plot is simple: you say the right word and you say a cat until somebody says "Please become Maurice again". Maurice becomes bad Hugh and because "otherwise it would interfere with time and space" bad Hugh becomes Maurice and is sent off to Mr Strongthorn's school. It is all

perfectly logical and, once you accept the magic, the world is the world as we know it. The situation is fantastic but it has to be resolved by human ingenuity. If you were a cat and could only mew and purr, how would you get the message over? Maurice tries spelling it out first with milk on the linoleum and then with ink in the schoolroom but the paw is clumsy than the pen and nobody believes that a cat can write. This is the formula that works so well in *The Phoenix and the Carpet* and *Five Children and It*, and it is the fact that the magic happens in an ordinary world that makes us believe in it. The children in the illustrations: the boys in school caps and knickerbocker suits and the girls with their sailor collars, come from the schoolroom that we can almost remember and the expedition to Atlantis has the proper sepia look of Matania in the *Illustrated London News*.

If E. Nesbit refers to a purpose magic, a single element in an everyday world, for James Stephens it is the world itself that is enchanted and "it might have been the childhood of the world as it was of the morning". The thin woman of Inis Magra has relatives in every fairy flat in Ireland, her children play leap-frog with a leprechaun and Caitilin, "the most beautiful girl in the world" is seduced by Pán. There is no specific key to fairyland because we are already there. The old gods live in the high places, the Shér in the hollow hills and the leprechauns underground among the tree roots. The story

begins in a lonely cottage in the pine-woods when two philosophers can hear each other thinking and ends in a splendid carnival which seems to be a protest march against the Intellect of Man.

This may be the world of A.E.'s paint-dark pictures, where fairies dance by moonlight on the sands—a proper moonshine world. But it is when the children notice the way that the leprechaun hops and waggles his leg that it comes to life. James Stephens was nearly as small as a leprechaun himself and he knows about leprechauns, whereas he only imagines Pán and Angus Og. Greek gods need the sharp sunlight of Hellas and this pan seems like a Celtic Twilight version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It does not quite suffice. When Stephens writes about the Three Absolutes and Male Thought and Female Thought it is Dublin conversation and the hand reaches out for the glass, but when the philosopher for the first time in his life really sees the bird, it could be Keats and the sparrow. Perhaps the most marvellous passage in the whole book is a soliloquy by an old woman who won't shake the stones out of her boots because "there are so many holes in the boots that more would get in before I could take two steps and an old woman can't always be fidgeting, God help her".

One can appreciate why this book has been important to so many people. *The Magic World* is an enjoyable read but *The Crook of Gold* is an adventure.

## Hamish Hamilton will be at Bologna with



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Deborah King

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Robert McCrum

Illustrated by Michael Foreman

A delightful story of a magic mouse who saves a circus from disaster.

Spring 1982 £4.50

## commentary

### The Good Prize Guide

By Hugo Williams

*Coalminer's Daughter*  
Various cinemas

Like *The Deerhunter*, *Coalminer's Daughter* takes its gritty terminology from a particular closed community. Instead of hearty Poles tending steel furnaces in St Louis and doing brute mid-European things at weddings, we have four Anglo-Saxons dynamiting coal among the mist-shrouded pines of a Kentucky mining valley. There's the same sense of people bound by the value of hard work in a man's world, the same dominating image of the mill. But this is the 1940s, not the 60s. There is no future down the mine and no birth control in the freezing log cabins. It's a dead-end valley that this ex-serviceman (Tommy Lee Jones) returns to with his jeep and his bad language. Everyone gathers round him as he accepts a bet that he can't drive up the near-vertical slag-heap. Well, we all know what that stands for. He wins, of course. Two he sees Loretta. He has sharp eyes. As a fourteen-year-old urchin, Sissy Spook is no soldier's pin-up. Her shadowy, autumnal beauty is something new to Hollywood. She's a Cinderella, the perfect casting for this true fairy story of Loretta Lynn, Country singer.

It's a whirlwind affair, filmed with passion and poetry. "What you doing?" she asks as Doolittle Lynn delivers her home. "I'm kissing you goodnight. You ever been kissed before?"—and he leans forward to kiss her without embracing, ever since Garbo thought it for Camille the most tenderly erotic gesture. Loretta's sweet-natured Dad—what looks like a heartless showing from Levon Helm—agrees to the match with the air of a man choosing between gangrene or the knife. "You were my shining pride" he tells his little girl. "I've been cheated out of six years." Lying in bed with his wife—the only place the bearded Doolittle can catch them together—he makes Doo promise never to hit her or take her far from

home. Doo can't keep either promise. "In Kentucky you has a choice," says the owner of a hillside still offering him a partnership, "Coalmine, moonshine or move on down the line." (I remember seeing an Irish newsreel with subtitles for its American audience. The Kentucky twang is tougher, but then we are the col-

onials these days.) The man is shot in the woods next day as unceremoniously as a deer.

This is no blues, however. For the rest of its length, the film takes its mood from the style of music it celebrates, the sadder-but-wiser, happy-ever-after sound of Country. It takes Doo six years and

four children to notice his wife can sing, but when he does he is so struck at prompting her and their climb to fame round the radio stations in an old Chevy is the last original thing about the story.

There is a whole philosophy of life in the treatment of children in the cinema. Cowed, demanding, bossy or crazed, they say something about the director's private intentions for his film. Loretta's four children are the director's studio as she sings her first hit to them. And the nearest the story gets to the traditional music-world car-crash or drugs overdose is headaches. Loretta does break down in public, but this too is Country, we feel; nothing more or less than proper for a good American girl, who, as she explains in her protracted speech, has been so busy getting married, having babies and making records, she's had no time for living. *Coalminer's Daughter* is a ballad that comes out right, the subject singing the hit of her own life-story for an ending.

Filed from Loretta Lynn's autobiography, the first half is full of the odd corners of personal recollection and flow, but as soon as the story moves into the public domain the necessary clichés seem, as in *The Buddy Holly Story*, to drain the director's energy. It must be a comfort to every struggling beginner to see it proposed so often in films how everyone is a nobody in his own way but that success is always the same.

Seven Academy awards seems an awful lot of crossed knives and forks for this hardscrabble snack. On the other hand, why so few? Why not one for best song on pine branches, vague-looking extra, most natural horse? Seeing so many workaday America movies loaded down with disingenuous testimonials reminds me of my poster of the ex-King of Nepal. He's posing in a contemporary setting, decked in Western-style coronation regalia, an apologetic expression on his ordinary features. From under his voluminous satin train a stuffed tiger's head appears to be roaring with laughter.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  
(Shakespeare in Modern Costume)  
"WELL, AS YOU'RE DRESSING LIKE THAT, I'VE GOT TO BE LIKE THIS."  
From the Shaw exhibition at the National Theatre, which will be reviewed in "Commentary" in a forthcoming issue

### Ways of seeing

By Mary Frazer

Model  
Electric Cinema, Portobello Rd

There is a film within a film in *Model*—a documentary being made for TV. A male model gives due consideration to a question posed by an unseen interviewer: "Yes, I do enjoy being looked at." Another takes a shower in his Y-fronts. Both say they would

appear in the nude "if it was tastefully done". We learn what a successful model earns and how short a time a less successful one is likely to survive. A girl who is five feet six and a half inches is told, very nicely, that one under five feet seven really has a chance.

All Frederick Wiseman's films—being shown in a retrospective at the Electric Cinema—have had as their subject a particular aspect of American society: an organization, a profession or an occupation. *Model* observes the world of fashion in all aspects, agencies, photographers, commercial techniques. Here as elsewhere Wiseman aims not to present a point of view but to show his subject as it is (or as it appears to be). He shoots about thirty times as much film as he actually uses—the subjects are supposed to become so used to being filmed that they cease to notice it. Certainly nobody in *Model* shows the slightest awareness of the camera.

This absence of a point of view makes the film more, not less, interesting: we have all the fascination of looking into another world and none of the annoyance of being told what to think about it. Nevertheless an attitude emerges: too in which, somewhat surprisingly, everybody involved comes out quite well. The models and photographers are highly professional and treat each other with respect and patience.

If Wiseman's aim is to render the camera as much like the human eye as possible (a view across a street into a shop window, for instance, is obliterated by a passing lorry), his camera, like his eye, is not merely passive. It has the power to focus on something particular to observe it and to be means of our intelligence about it. And perhaps because how close film can come to the "truth" has always been one of Wiseman's concerns, *Model* is as much about methods of photography and filming which, in varying degrees, in contrast to his own, as it is about the world of models.

### Redundancy movie

By T. J. Binyon

Loophole  
Various Cinemas

Whenever the hero of a film, referring as it might be to the building of Boulder Dam, to the discovery that the world has been taken over by aliens, or to a terminal case of teenage love, remarks "This thing is bigger than both of us" (a variant prized by collectors is "bigger than the both of us"), one knows that one would have been better off staying at home and getting on with the *pen-point*. Equally indicative, if less beautiful in itself, is the phrase: "I need time to think things out", with which characters shattered by a caprice of fate reject consolation, whether in the shape of a drink, a loan, marriage, or a share in the fastest-growing ivory stable business west of the Pacific. And when architect Stephen Barker (Martin Sheen) comes up with the platitudes no five minutes into *Loophole*, the writing is on the wall. Or rather, since the writing's been on the wall for about four minutes and fifty-five seconds already, it just adds a touch of luminous pain to the letters.

Stephen's trouble is that his firm has gone bankrupt: he has lost his job; his bank-manager (played by Robert Morley with the sureness of someone exorcising a nightmare about his own bank-manager) is cutting up rough about his overdraft—a measly £35,000; he wouldn't dream of selling his house ("we built it with our own hands"), even less his BMW; to consider taking the children away from their private schools is impossible, with Matthew keeping watch for the Junior XI; while his wife Dinah (Susan Sherry) wants to fulfil herself by opening a boutique and needs ten grand to put into it. In short, a situation

which cannot fall to wring the heartstrings of the most crabbed social revolutionary, though Martin Sheen, with his chubby open American face, over which no shadow of any harsh emotion, no sign of anything resembling human thought ever passes, seems a singular casting choice for a man harried by such forces.

The last straw comes when Dinah, under the matrimonial duvet with its subtly checked cover, pettishly shrugs off a tentatively groping hand. A nod is as good as a wink: Stephen, who earlier turned down suave Mike Daniels (Albert Finney) when he suggested they should rob a bank together, now joins forces with him, and before you can say Frank Lloyd Wright they are wading waist-deep together with fellow criminals Taylor (Jonathan Pryce) and Harry (Alfred Lynch), through something exceedingly nasty in the sewers underneath the International Securities Bank. They break into the vault, nearly get swept away on the homeward journey by a looming catarract of Dreft and Fairy Liquid, but then, in an ending so abrupt as to cause bubbles of nitrogen to form in the blood and to provoke the suspicion that the penultimate reel never arrived in the projection room, get away with the loot.

If the film were better, it might be worth discussing its apparent message: that crime does pay. But at its best it is visual wallpaper, filler for the box that the big screen, and to be ranked (if space can be found) somewhere below *Smash and Hitch*. Few bouquets, naturally, can be bandied out. Robert Morley has been mentioned by a superhuman effort of the will Albert Finney manages, for periods as long as ten seconds at a time, to make Mike Daniels credible; but everyone else is faked off the screen by a group of nameless characters who don't even appear in the cast list: small, brown, furry creatures, with long scaly tails and sharp little teeth.

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# Herbert List and the Children of the Sun

By Stephen Spender

This essay is the introduction to *Herbert List Photographs 1930-1970* with text by Gunter Metken and 92 illustrations in duotone, published by Thames and Hudson at £12.50 on March 30.

I first met Herbert List in Hamburg in 1929. Herbert was at that time the centre of a group of friends who represented for me all that was fresh, most open-minded, most consciously new about the new Germany. They were the Children of the Sun. To them, far more important than politics, business, self-promotion, was "life". "Life" consisted of friendship, free love, the cultivation of their own bodies, nature and the sun. In Hamburg there were no good many people who shared the same values. Their weakness perhaps was that they did not understand that at some point in history these values would be swept away, and they together with them unless they had a strong will to self-preservation.

This they looked. At the beach or swimming baths, the aristocrats among these beautiful people were those with the broadest bodies. Naked, or almost so, they were a classless society. I think it is important to realize that Herbert List's photography begins from this admiration of the classically beautiful nude - particularly the male body - and that this always remains his ideal. The very beautiful photographs of Greece (some of which he had already taken when I first knew him) are analogies for the bodies in Greek sculpture of antiquity. Greece today remains haunted by this athletic ideal.

Dresses and indoors, however, these friends did have distinctions between those who were better off and the poor. The better-off lived in houses of rather expensively designed simplicity which, wherever possible, opened out on to the sea or a northern landscape of lakes and pines and dunes. Herbert's wealthier friends lived in houses with flat roofs and balconies, modern homes with furniture, cooking utensils, lighting equipment which were all parts of a single vision of beautifully simple pleasure. The style of the occupants was such that often they looked as though they had been designed and dressed by a team at the Bauhaus of Dessau to go with the house and the landscape.

As a young Englishman who had just left Oxford University, I was immensely liberated by the newness of these young Germans. This was the time of the Weimar Republic. Looking back now, it seems impossible not to think that I was completely deluded in supposing that tolerance, unobtrusive, modern architecture, functional furniture, songs from *Die Dreizehnen* and *Mohrungen* of Brecht and Weill, the Bauhaus of Dessau, pre-socialist painting and the works of Paul Klee represented anything that had incorporated in it the political will to survive. And yet, when a few years ago I went to Berlin and saw the dozen or so exhibitions of art, architecture, theatre and photography of people's lives after 1918 and up to 1933, I felt again the history of an enormously vital period of history. My friend W. H. Auden, who went to Berlin in 1929, expressed the Christian joy of the period, "It is as if the world had been reborn."

Look at the new styles of architecture, a change of heart. The change of heart was what impressed us about the new Germany. It was a psychological as well as an architectural change.

Herbert quickly became for me the incarnation of the new Germany of the Children of the Sun. He lived not in a flat-roofed house, but a lake or on the beach, but on the top floor of a large modern block of flats. His apartment was of the kind one associates with studios of large room with two alcoves leading from it in which mattresses were spread. It was furnished in the Bauhaus style with metal or plywood furniture, glass-topped tables, and lighting from lamps of tubular or ground glass.

His friends often met here for parties.

They filled the room, standing in the main part of it, looking out of the windows at the extensive view of the city; or they drifted into the alcoves and reclined on the mattresses. To me, who then spoke no German, these young people were like interweaving figures in a dance. They were characterized by a pervasive sexuality, a kind of aura which shone from their bodies, absorbed from the sun bronzing their athletic nakedness, something of which I felt about them whether they were dressed or undressed. I was conscious of the fact that they lived in a world in which they seemed to reflect each other's grace and ease: a world to which I did not myself belong, being an over-tall, round-shouldered, self-absorbed intellectual. Herbert was very kind to me. He seemed slightly contemptuous of the fact that physically I was an outsider, but fascinated by the fact that intellectually I did not belong to the world of his friends. I was even more fascinated by him.

Whenever I think of Herbert's studio, one scene comes back to me of a party at which he showed a film of himself and his friends on outings together. His friends sat on the floor or lay on mattresses watching the film: shouting and laughing at themselves - the same people - sliding down mountain slopes, and sometimes falling. The scene changed, to sequences of them on board a yacht, under a blazing sky. Iron shadows lay on the deck and Herbert leaned on railings as he stared out to sea with intent features. His face was motionless at first, then wrinkled to a smile when he turned it towards the camera, and consequently into the room where the same friends lay around the studio watching themselves and him.

This was a mirror world. Herbert belonged to it but at the same time stood above it. What struck one about his friends, the beautiful people, was that they were soft and malleable. One therefore was not altogether surprised when their presence and influence seemed to disappear with the rise of Hitler's Germany. But to Herbert, the values of the Greek or Renaissance figure, of a life largely spent travelling through the world seeking after strange and beautiful impressions, and recording and perpetuating them, were of supreme importance.

He was the dominating figure of his circle. He was striking looking, with black hair and jet black eyes, a nose with flared nostrils, full lips. I believe that on his mother's side of the family there was a Brazilian blood. One would not have been surprised to find that he had come from an ancestor who was an Aztec Indian. Herbert had an almost aloof glance, tempered by an expression of humour. It was as though he clinched appreciatively from a distance, and often with a faint amusement, the person or object he was looking at. He was not without a touch of arrogance and was extremely assured in his opinions.

Herbert had a job in his family firm of coffee importers and he seemed to be competent at this, though he rarely spoke of it. His real life began when he left the office and was with his friends, swimming, sunbathing or going on excursions for weekends. When I was at Hamburg I made notes of remarks he made, with the intention of making him a character (called "Joseph") in a novel which I was trying to write. In an early scene I asked him whether he read the books which he had in his apartment. He answered: "No, I don't read so much. After my day's work I go building with Willy (in friend of his called Willy Lenz) or some other friends. Then for the weekends I go away too. I like sun mostly, and doing things, more than reading."

He had illustrated a letter he wrote to me with a line drawing. I asked: "Do you draw?" "No, not now so much. When I was young I used always to think I should be an artist. But then I thought that if I was an artist I should soon get tired of all things to do with drawing. So I went into business instead."

In another note, I quote him saying: "I always like to watch people. I can feel so much from seeing them, the way they walk or look at you, you know; when I am at a party. I will watch each person as he comes into the room. One person comes in and he is nothing. No one notices him."



This portrait by Herbert List of W.H. Auden in 1933 is taken from his collection of his photographs discussed here.

the Rhine, a silhouette which had the simplicity and beauty of some elaborated piece of machinery such as the inside of a beautifully wrought old clock or watch, with which I compared this heart-rending destruction.

I don't think that Herbert cared much either for the post-war world or for his profession as a photographer. When I asked him what new architecture, perhaps comparable with that which had been put up in the twenties, was of interest in post-war Germany, he merely shrugged and said "Nothing". His photographs of the destruction of Hitlerian architecture lying among the ruins, show a profound irony, a bitter twist to the sense of amusement which was present in his early work. Like many good photographers he distrusted the medium of photography itself: feeling that if it was an art, it was one in which the photographer became enclosed within the limits of his own technique after he had explored them to a certain extent. It seemed right that after the war, as well as resuming his travels, he should have become a connoisseur of drawings which he found in antique shops. He prized him- self on never buying anything costing more than some minimal sum; and yet those piercing black eyes of his peered out from masses of neglected folios a rare collection of finds.

To me, Herbert will always be as I first knew him in Hamburg. I think particularly of a photograph of a young man seen from the edge of a lake, coming out of the water. The picture is taken slightly from below, so that the youth seems to tower like Michelangelo's statue of David against a dome of light, his head a shadowed mass of curls like feathers. In another photograph the same friend is photographed against the water and under the shadows of a tree to a pose faintly reminiscent of Saurat's sketches of figures.

## Information please

**Ellis Freeman Shorpe (1875-1947)**, British psychoanalyst; I would like to contact any of his relatives, friends, colleagues, analysts, students, etc. for a biography, letters, notes, or pictures pertaining to his life or also sought. Confidences will be fully respected. Anna Laffer, 76 Bengayfield Drive, East Williston, New York 11596.

**John Lucas Tupper (1821-1875)**, a minor Pre-Raphaelite poet and sculptor, water drawing-master of Rugby School; any letters, manuscripts, documents (other than those in the public domain); information about him or his family, his biography (PhD dissertation). S. Kapoor, Churchill College, Flat 42, Cambridge CB3 0DS.

**Francis White**, active as cartographer in Yorkshire c.1780-90; his body-mapped diary is in York City Archives, and his 1785 map of the Alnity is kept in York City Library; any more information about him, and help in tracing his townships plans of the Alnity and its vicinity. P. Newman, Department of History, University College of North Wales, Bangor, Gwynedd LL57 2DG.

## 'Lanark'

Sir,—Rose Arnold's letter (March 13) about my review of Alasdair Gray's *Lanark* takes issue with my so-called identification of Gray's imaginary city of Provann with Edinburgh. In fact any such identification is tenuous (the words I used were "may resemble") and is based not on geographical location but on a type or category of city—in short, one that corresponds with the general ideas people hold, rightly or wrongly, about the differences between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Moreover, this is not simply some whim of mine; the authority for it comes from no less a person than the author himself in his "epilogue" where he addresses the hero of his novel:

You have come here from my city of destruction, which is rather like Glasgow, to plead before some sort of world parliament in an ideal city based on Edinburgh...

(my italics, *Lanark*, page 483)

Finally, I do not "deny the interest of the Glaswegian theme". I think I made it clear in my review that the central narrative books of the novel are an affectionate and vivid portrait of the city. Out Gray's fantastic conceptions of Glaswegian and Provann. Indubitably, move beyond the purely referential—as his remarks above testify—and to read *Lanark* "throughout" as a "loving analysis" of Glasgow is seriously to limit and confine the effects and resonances of the novel rather like reading *Ulysses* solely for what it can tell you about Dublin.

WILLIAM BOYD,  
4 Moreton Road, Oxford.

## Books and Publishers

Sir,—I am sorry Nigel Cross (March 6) found himself unwilling or unable to address the principal arguments and findings of my book on post-war British publishing, since the criteria they reveal affects all of us, readers and writers alike.

Despite the impression conveyed by Mr Cross's remarks on nineteenth-century publishing occupy less than two pages. When his own research appears I may have had to modify my views, though I rather doubt it if he continues to restrict himself to exceptional figures and to ignore the book trade as a whole. Where the past twenty-five years of the present century are concerned Mr Cross has missed the point completely. As I explicitly indicate, the traditional publisher and the modern publisher do not represent actual groups of firms on the contrary they are part of the same of publishers' ideology. Furthermore, these observations are just part of a more wide-ranging analysis of the impact of recent structural changes in publishing which have seen small, intimate, informal and - above all - editor-centred houses absorbed by large, transnational, multi-media conglomerates. From the editor's point of view this has meant drastic changes in his role and his responsibilities. Administrative and managerial functions have replaced cultural and intellectual ones. Editors today spend far more time drafting memoranda or sitting in committee meetings than they do reading books and manuscripts or discussing work with authors. Their employers expect and constrain them to give their allegiance to balance sheets and business rationality rather than to literature or scholarship. Moreover, by virtue of a variety of factors which I discuss in my book, British publishing has been peculiarly susceptible to these pressures and poorly adapted to resisting, modifying or evading them. I question whether it is commonplace to observe that the established pattern of publishing has undergone a radical transformation, and that this has involved the subordination of the cultural to the commercial.

Mr Cross's own observations are ill-considered or inaccurate rather than comprehensive. He is evidently dubious about the book's data base. Had he consulted the footnotes he would have seen what I had said and why I said it. My 1966 fieldwork, with more care he would have seen that I had interviewed a substantial percentage of publishing managers (as acceptable sampling technique) and with more knowledge of recent publishing history he would have known that the mid-1960s marked a critical phase in the process of change I describe. My third and final phase of data collection finished in 1975, not in 1974. The trends I

describe in the book have not changed in the intervening years. Mr Cross regrets that I do not identify my informants. Had I done so he (and more pointedly, they) might properly have complained of my breaching the ethic of anonymity in social inquiry. It is true that I do not limit myself to masculine pronouns and possessory objectives. Women have always constituted a significant minority of writers and have, throughout the time I have been studying the book trade, constituted the majority of all those working in publishing (not at the highest levels you may be sure). Again, if only Mr Cross had read my text instead of, in this case, falling back on chauvinist reflexes, he might have seen that I have tried to use gendered terms to correspondence with reality. To describe this as a "half-hearted attempt by Lane to placate women in publishing" is an insult to those women, if anything made worse by what I suspect is his unintended character. What does he mean by "placate"? What would a whole-hearted attempt look like?

MICHAEL LANE,  
Department of Sociology, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ.

## 'Of Words and Pitchers'

Sir,—Having been members of L.C. Knights's nine at Kewton College in 1950, we are pleased finally to get recognition in the softball record book (*Donald Hall, 'Of words and pitchers'*, February 27). However, for the sake of baseball history a couple of minor inaccuracies should not be allowed to stand. We were never aware of team's names—"The Ambiguities" indeed! Robert Lowell did play on one of the teams, but Delmore Schwartz, never. He played tennis - quite another game - with Arthur Mizener - as Cecily Stengel would say, you could look it up.

MAURICE CHARNEY,  
DON WIENER,  
Twenty-sixth floor, One Wall Street, New York.

## 'The Calling'

Sir,—I must protest against your reviewer's curt and dismissive notice of Mary Gray Hughes's long-awaited collection of stories *The Calling* (March 13). Robert Hewison is entitled to his opinion of a text but not to substitute for that opinion his own surmises about the writer's life—"Only when the story moves too far away from Mary Gray Hughes's experience... does she lose conviction". It is not enough that Mr Hewison is imperceptive about the first collection of an author whom I am not alone in regarding as one of the finest exponents alive of the short story. It is still worse that he does so using a *de haut en bas* approach - if that is the word - of male reviewer to female writer. The all-purpose pejorative, "domestic", should especially be outlawed from serious reviewing.

PHILIP HOBBSBAUM,  
Department of English, The University, Glasgow G12 8QQ.

## 'A Book Of Air Journeys'

Sir,—During the past two years, at about this time, you have been good enough to publish letters from me asking for suggestions for my anthologies on Railway Journeys (published 1980) and Sea Journeys (to be published this year). I am now writing to solicit your readers for suggestions for the last in the series, *A Book Of Air Journeys*. Once again the only criteria for acceptance are (a) already published material and (b) stylish writing and/or unusual events. I would welcome information about interesting accounts of any air journeys, whether by balloon, airship, biplane, fighter, bomber, jumbo jet, from the very earliest times to the present day.

LUDOVIC KENNEDY,  
c/o Collins, Publishers, 14 St James's Place, London SW1A 1PS.

## Portraits Of Milton

Sir,—The TLS of February 6 reproduced a 1637 engraving of a portrait drawn as if from a sculptured bust and described it as representing the poet John Milton, although it was not so designated by its artist, Wenceslas Hollar. This is one more of the hundreds of non-portraits of Milton in circulation. In the first major catalogue raisonné of Hollar's works, by George Vertue, 1745 and 1759, the engraving is described as VIII, 124: "A Boy's Head or Youth's Bust almost Profile, on a Pedestal that is square; no inscription." George Vertue owned the only sculptured "bust of Milton" which has any conceivable claim to authenticity, the one now at Christ's College, Cambridge. George Vertue also, prior to issuing Milton engravings of his own, checked with Milton's daughter Deborah as to which pictures were authentic. If this Hollar engraving had any relation to Milton, George Vertue was the one person who would have known it and would have so reported. The false identification apparently was made some time between 1759 and 1853, when Gustav Parthey, in his *Wenzel Hollar: Beschreibung des Verzeichnisses seiner Kupferstiche*, listed it as number 1679, subject unidentified, and added "Gilt in England für ein Jugendbildnis Miltons". There are two and only two engraved portraits of Milton which were done authentically from life, the caricatured Marshall (1645), and Falthome (1670), whose resemblances confirm each other. For documentation, see *Milton Portraits: An Important Inquiry into their Authenticity*, special number of the *Milton Quarterly*, 1976.

LEO MILLER,  
Apartment 1D, 521 East 14 Street, New York, NY 10009.

## 'Sons and Lovers'

Sir,—John Hewison's desire to discover whether Paul and Clara "actually make love" beside the Trent in *Sons and Lovers* (Letters, March 13) is prurient because he has not considered what "making love" might mean. It is stunningly obvious that the encounter in question is sexual not just "sexy" as Mr Hewison puts it; equally obvious that by the standards of 1912 it is shocking (Paul asks Clara afterwards if she feels "criminal"). It is also clear that Lawrence felt no desire to penetrate beneath petticoat or trouser button to describe any particular form of sexual activity. Like Chaucer's January, Mr Hewison would like to know whether "in it went". It's a barrister's interest, not a reader's. He also finds the subsequent evening at Mrs Radford's house more exciting if Paul and Clara are still virgin of each other. He clearly hasn't considered the implications of the smashed crimson flowers all over Clara's dress.

Trevor Griffiths's version seemed to me wonderfully good in being responsible both to what a television script can make of a relationship, and to what the novel shows.

JOHN WORTHEN,  
4 Lon Caron, Cwmwyn, Swansea.

## George Eliot

Sir,—There are errors in Jean Wilson's review of *George Eliot: Centenary Essays and an Unpublished Fragment*, edited by Anne Smith (March 13). "A New George Eliot Manuscript" is edited by William Baker and not, as stated in the review (perhaps through a misprint), "William Barker". It is misleading to suggest that in the manuscript "Eliot returns... to historical ruralities". Its content ranges from happenings overseas to references to the telephone and among other non-"ruralities" - "the telephone in the Place de la Concorde". Mrs Wilson regrets that the manuscript "was carried no further" and that George Eliot was working on it "when she died". Her regrets inhibit the world of assumptions. In my introduction to the manuscript my dating of its compo-

## Among This Week's Contributors

NIGEL ALEXANDER is Professor of English Language and Literature at Queen Mary College, London.

M. S. ANDERSON's most recent book is *Historians and Eighteenth-Century Europe*, 1979.

DAVID BRADING's *Hackers and Ranches in the Mexican Border, León 1700-1800*, was published last year.

PETER J. CONNOR teaches English at South Bank Polytechnic, London.

PIRRO DONNINI was formerly Director of the Italian Institute in London.

DENNIS DUNCANSON is Reader in South East Asian Studies at the University of Kent.

P. R. FAWCETT is a lecturer in French at the University of Leicester.

ROY FORTER's *Lord Randolph Churchill: A Political Life* will be published later this year.

J. F. C. HARRISON's books include *Bibliography of the Chartist Movement 1837-1976* (with Dorothy Thompson), 1979.

ALTHEA HAYTER's books include *Mrs Browning*, 1962; and *A Voyage in Yacht*, 1973.

PETER HEBBLERWATTE's most recent book is *The New Aquilition: Schillbecker and Kling*, 1980.

GEORGE A. HOSKING's *Beyond Socialism: Realism, Fiction Since 'Ivan Dembovich'* was published last year.

shion was tentative and pointed to the 1877 period and beyond. My introduction concluded with the words: "... what we have... is some superb hitherto unpublished George Eliot descriptive writing and the fragment of another work from George Eliot's pen—one uncompleted or yet to see the light of day."

WILLIAM BAKER,  
10 Streather Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands

## T. S. Eliot

Sir,—In their advertisement (February 20) for Edward Lobb's just-published *T.S. Eliot and the Romantic Critical Tradition*, Routledge and Kegan Paul claim that it "is the first book to make use of Eliot's unpublished Clark Lectures on metaphysical poetry". That's not much to claim, but it happens to be false—see my *Thomas Stearns Eliot: Poet published by Cambridge University Press* nearly two years ago.

A.D. MOODY,  
Department of English and Related Literature, University of York, Heslington, York YO1 5DD.

## Blake

Sir,—I agree with Stephen Wylor's remarks (Letters, March 13) about Michael Mason's review-article and would add that it is downright misleading of Mr Mason blithely to announce that "the old controversy about the transfer of writings to the plates is now settled: Blake wrote in reverse directly on them". Robert Eslek is extremely knowledgeable in these matters, but so is David Bindman, who has said in a recent issue of *Blake Quarterly* that he doesn't share Eslek's view.

It is misleading also to say, as Mr Mason does, that David Erdman has produced the annotated "black and white facsimile of all the illuminated writings". In Blake studies, especially, "facsimile" should not be used as a synonym for "reproduction". Mr Mason accuses certain critics of making Blake seem less complex and contradictory than he really is; but he himself over-simplifies.

G. INGLI JAMES,  
Department of English, University College, Cardiff.

## Yeats

Sir,—The third edition of Wadé's *Bibliography of the Writings of W. B. Yeats* (1968) has been long out of print and a new edition is acutely needed. In accordance with the late Russell K. Asplach's

wishes, Oxford University Press (the new publishers of the *Soho Bibliographies* series) have asked me to complete the revision that he had already started at the time of his death.

I propose to add new sections: contributions to theatre programmes, appearances in auction catalogues, for example. There is a great deal of new information to add, not only about new books and editions, but corrections and additions to information already published. I should be most grateful if your readers would let me know of their discoveries and any errors they may have noted in the third edition. All aid will be greatly appreciated and duly acknowledged.

COLIN SMYTHE,  
Comarway, Mill Lane, Ocklands Cross, Buckinghamshire SL9 8BA.

## Blake

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Department of English, University College, Cardiff.

Paul Ruggles' Hengwrt facsimile, referred to by T. A. Shippey in his review of N. F. Blake's edition of the *Canterbury Tales* from the Hengwrt Manuscript in the TLS of January 16, is available in the UK from D. S. Brewer, PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk, at £65, under the title *The Canterbury Tales: A Facsimile and Transcription of the Hengwrt Manuscript, with variations from the Ellesmere Manuscript*.

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## Among This Week's Contributors

PAUL JOHNSON was editor of the *New Statesman* from 1965 to 1970. His books include *A History of Christianity*, 1976, and *Essays of Society*, 1977.

ROSE JUST is a Junior Research Fellow at Wolfson College, Oxford.

ERIC KORN is an antiquarian bookseller in London.

DON LOEKE's most recent book is *A Fantasy of Reason: The Life and Thought of William Godwin*, 1980.

GEORGEY MARSHALL's books include *Constitutional Theory*, 1971.

STEPHEN MURPHY is a lecturer in English at the University of Sussex.

GERSON MARRAS's recent books include *Switzerland for Beginners*, 1975, and *Tat-Tan*, 1978.

J. MURDOCK CROOK's new book *William Burges and the High Victorian Dream* will be published by John Murray in June.

THOMAS NAGEL's most recent book is *Moral Questions*, 1980.

SIR EDWARD PLAYFAIR was Chairman of the National Gallery from 1972 to 1974.

CHARLOTTE RAO's collection of poems *Arcady* was published in 1979.

ALAN RYAN's books include *The Philosophy of the Social Sciences*, 1970.

HAROLD SHUEMAN is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford.





# The sense of oppression

By Jennifer Uglow

ELIZABETH WILSON

*Only Halfway to Paradise*  
Women in Postwar Britain 1945-1968  
233 pp. Tavistock. £8.50.  
0 422 76870 7

In one of the first documents of the new British women's movement, Spokesman Pamphlet 17, *Women's Liberation and the New Politics* (1969), Sheila Rowbotham wrote:

Pardon the matter is very concrete. It is about 55 an hour and the suicide rate, about nursery schools and legal discrimination. All these need to be studied. But there is another important aspect to the 'woman problem' - how it feels in the head. If the external social situation subdues us, it is our consciousness that contains us.

Elizabeth Wilson's narrative ends before these words were written; her concern is precisely that consciousness which had contained, indeed alienated, any murmurs about women's oppression during the previous two decades. Her book is an attempt to see how it felt in the head of both men and women, to recreate a "received wisdom", drawing on the evidence of government records, sociology, psychiatry, literature and other public statements.

The aim is not to provide a history of events, and readers expecting a clear chronology will be disappointed. And indeed, if we do look at the "external social situation" from 1945-68 we find a welter of Commissions and Reports, but hardly any legislative or policy changes which improved the lot of women. The Abortion Law Reform Act of 1967 and the Divorce Reform Act of 1969 were preceded by years of debate. In the sphere of work the Royal Commission on Equal Pay set the tone in 1946 by differentiating between professional career women and those in manual employment, and victories won by teachers and civil servants in the 1950s were not extended generally until the Equal Pay Act, 1970, was (theoretically) implemented in

1975. A similar meritocratic distinction was made in John Newson's *The Education of Girls*, 1948, between the appropriateness of academic education for the few and domestic vocational training for the many.

In fact, although the percentage of married women entering employment continued to rise, the consensus during the 1950s and 1960s was that work was secondary to marriage and motherhood. The burst of enthusiasm for state intervention in domestic work and child care which accompanied the Beveridge Report rapidly vanished, and the typical pattern of "work: childcare: work" became firmly established. The pattern endures as does the division between "gifted" and ordinary women. In a television broadcast in January this year, obviously aimed at housewives, Margaret Thatcher qualified her recognition of women's right to work thus: "But I beg them, never put the children second... after all they are their responsibility." The difference is that today opposition is vocal; when she said exactly the same in the Conservative Research Department's *Family Policy* in 1952 no voice was raised in protest.

It sometimes seems that post-war reconstruction was dedicated to making life easier for the family as the economy. The intense but relatively free emotional atmosphere of wartime gave way to the insistence that

Love and marriage, love and marriage Go together like a horse and carriage. This I tell you brother.

You can't have one without the other. As it happened a lot of people were trying to, or at least finding the carriage in need of repair - divorce rates soared and the National Marriage Guidance Council worked as never before. "Broken homes" became the great bogey. What the song really meant, of course, was "sex and marriage"; there were sex manuals called *The Art of Marriage* and sex education projects called *Planning for Parenthood*. But this first step was hard to maintain in the face of the Kinsey Reports, and the unflinching of sexuality was seen as revolutionary not only by the Left but also by the establishment. An example given here is Lord Devlin's statement in *The Enforcement of Morals*, 1959:

"the suppression of vice is just as much the law's business as the suppression of subversive activities".

But even when the "personal revolution" of the 1960s arrived it did not, paradoxically, alter the balance of relations between the sexes. It has been argued that "permissiveness" (always heterosexual), in the sense of the pressure of sexual availability combined with romantic expectations, even increased women's sense of oppression. Meanwhile, within the radical politics of the decade women found their interests put very low on the list of priorities.

*Only Halfway to Paradise* presents a clear image, entertaining even when irritatingly sketchy, of the consensus view of women's position in society. But it remains an assembly rather than an analysis and at times one longs for the author to grapple more strenuously with the ideologies and myths she detects. This limitation is illustrated by her use of commentaries. Novels, sociological essays, psychiatric case-studies, may justifiably be examined as distillations of prevailing ideology, but here the focus is continually blurred so that authors such as Kingsley Amis, Raymond Williams, E.P. Thompson, or R.D. Laing are quoted, confusingly, both as providing "factual" evidence and as themselves the subject of analysis.

One also has the sense of being whirled so rapidly through changing landscapes that they all end up looking the same. This is particularly true of the chapters on "Culture and Ideology" and "Novelists" - the latter takes us on a whistle-stop tour from Rosamund Lehmann, via Anthony Powell and Amis, to Margaret Drabble, Maureen Duffy and Doris Lessing. To be fair, Elizabeth Wilson acknowledges the problems in using fiction as "documentary evidence of the state of feeling". Far more extraordinary, in a work which claims to present a whole culture, is the omission of detailed treatment of mass communications. The title, taken from a Billy Fury song, suggests that in looking at images of women she will use the opportunity to re-examine the territory opened up by *The Uses of Literacy* in 1957. Yet there is virtually no discussion of mass reading or entertainment, or of the crucial role of television and popular music, apart from a defensive acknowledgement

of their "pervasive and sinister influence".

The ambitious scope of the book invites such criticism; it tries to be wide-ranging, yet the most interesting sections are those closest to the author's home ground, the field of social policy covered in her earlier book *Johns in this useful Tavistock series* *Women and the Welfare State*, and the subject which sparked her interest in the period, the apparent demise of feminism.

It is quite true that in 1968 the interest in women's liberation seemed to spring, not out of a void, but from a background of radical activity which looked to American and German models rather than to a native tradition. To women taking up battle positions at the 1970 Oxford Conference, the earlier generation of feminists appeared as collaborators, if not agents of repression.

Wilson suggests that this is because feminist energy was diverted after the war into movements for peace, citizenship, democracy and campaigns on behalf of the housewife (the working women's battle for emancipation being "won"). The emphasis on the dignity of work in the home led feminists into unfamiliar conservative positions - into opposing divorce reforms, for example.

In documenting this process the book illustrates a tension - between the elevation of woman's "special role" and the struggle

for equality - which still leads to ambiguity in feminist theory. As Wilson notes, women are "struggling at one and the same time to participate in the world as it is and to suggest in it a 'prefigurative way' the entirely different kind of world that might exist if 'feminist' values dominated".

In its final chapter *Only Halfway to Paradise* is placed in the context of another continuing debate. Having noted the growing division, in the period covered, between the "equality" achieved by different classes of women, and the multifaceted failure of left-wing groups to incorporate the problems of women, Elizabeth Wilson asks two provocative questions: "... to what extent can we assume that feminism and socialism are 'one'?" and "How can feminism become popular politics - and should it?" These are central issues, but disappointingly Elizabeth Wilson's book adds little to the developing argument except to suggest that feminism has proved fluid and adaptable to radical political positions in the past largely because it has not been "conscious and reflective". Presumably the move towards complex theoretical analyses may break the chain of cultural determinism presented in the previous chapters. Ultimately *Only Halfway to Paradise* arouses an equivocal response: much of the documentation is fascinating yet the analysis is tentative and rather inconclusive. The judgement of the title song is equally uncomfortable - "So near yet so far away".

JAMES R. FLYNN  
Rare, IQ and Jensen  
313pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £10.50.  
0 7108 0037 1

HOWARD F. TAYLOR  
The IQ Game  
276pp. Harvester Press. £18.95.  
0 7108 0037 1

It is hard to know, sometimes, which is least impressive about the race-IQ debate: the participants' motives, their premises, or their conclusions. Of course it is easy enough to accuse the hereditarians of racism. Why else should they be so anxious to demonstrate that there are genetic differences between black and white? But those on the opposite side often seem guilty of an equal dogmatism: even professional bodies have come close to declaring that since the hereditarians cannot be right, we must not look at the evidence.

Yet even if an inherited racial difference were established, it would hardly follow that racial discrimination is justified. For one thing, many blacks have higher IQs than many whites, so the grounds of discrimination ought to be IQ, not skin colour. And for another, there seems no good reason to treat people differently, politically, socially or morally, simply on grounds of IQ. No doubt we would not want our illnesses treated by people of demonstrably low IQ, but they have as much right to accurate diagnosis and adequate treatment as anyone, and as much right to say, through the medium of the ballot box, how such facilities, which affect them as much as we, ought to be organized.

And why should it matter that the difference is inherited? James R. Flynn regards the hereditarian position as the last refuge of the racist. Not that every hereditarian may be a racist: Jensen is, as he knows, an honourable exception. But, he believes, every racist will want to be a hereditarian, in order to give his doctrines some semblance of rational respectability.

# Black, white and grey matter

By Don Locke

Yet even if you believe that those of inferior IQ ought to be treated as inferiors, the racial question, surely, is not whether IQ is inherited or acquired, but whether it can be changed. Features with a genetic base can still be modified by human intervention, otherwise all diets and cosmetic surgery would be futile; and not every environmental effect, especially those making their mark early in life, can subsequently be altered. The racist will not care whether the racial differences are genetic or social, so long as they are fixed. More probably still, he will not care whether they are alterable, so long as they are there. Inheritance, as such, seems a red herring.

At this point people are liable to start agonizing over the gene pool, an image calling for literary and Freudian analysis rather than scientific or philosophical explanation - we are evidently in the realm of those precious bodily fluids which so obsessed Sterling Hayden in *Dr Strangelove*. But the idea of this reservoir of human talent which must not be allowed to deteriorate or dissipate seems ludicrous in the face of our obvious, and dare say inevitable, inability to realize and profit from the prospective talents of the people we actually have, as opposed to the hypothetical talents of mere possibilities. Indeed an impartial Observer might well feel that the world would be a better place, and the people on it a happier race, if there had been a little less of that talent which looks set to destroy us both.

But if the feared conclusions do not follow, what of the premises, the evidence which is supposed to show that there are inherited racial differences in intelligence? There is, I should think, no claim in this arena which has not been challenged by someone, but it often looks as though the premises are rejected only because people do not like the look of the conclusions. It might seem better to accept the evidence, whatever it may be, for what it is, and concentrate rather on where it does, or does not, lead us. Certainly the strength of Jensen's position has always been that he, at least, has evidence to offer, to explain or explain away, leaving the environmentalist always on the defensive. It is striking

ing, indeed, how the central empirical studies all come from the hereditarian camp, when environmentalist hypotheses might seem easier to test. The emphasis is, for example, on identical twins, reared separately, or on comparison with non-identical twins, and not on non-identical twins (whose environments will typically be as similar as anyone's can be) in comparison with other siblings, or even on unrelated individuals reared in the same family (surely more frequent than identical twins reared apart). It is almost as if the environmentalists were afraid to look, for fear of what they might find. In the terminology of contemporary philosophy of science, hereditarianism comes to seem a progressive research programme, concerned to identify problems and resolve them, while the environmentalist programme seems degenerate, content merely to explain its way out of the difficulties provided by the opposite camp.

But as contemporary philosophy of science also reminds us, scientists are as liable as anyone else to see what they want to see, and find what they hope to find. In *The IQ Game* Howard Taylor picks away, meticulously and unemotionally - and with surprising lucidity, given the technicality of the subject matter - at the evidence for inherited differences in IQ, and uncovers everything from arithmetical carelessness through systematic distortion to deliberate fabrication. Not that he concludes that IQ is environmental in origin; nor that it is not. His conclusion is more simple, and more dispiriting, than either: you ain't proved nothing yet.

To be fair to the widely-quoted estimate of 80% heritability which remember, means not that 80% of measured IQ is inherited, but only that, on average, 80% of the difference between individuals (R to I IQ points, according to Professor Flynn) is due to genetic factors. The most direct evidence comes from the separated twins studies, but of the four which bulk large in the literature we have to eliminate Cyril Burt's, and the remainder include many pairs who were reared in significantly similar environments, often in different branches of the same family, and even spending crucial periods in the same

home (which ought to include the womb). The difficulties of finding genuinely separated twins are obvious - ideally the subjects would not even know they were twins - and one study actually rejected cases on the grounds that they lived too far apart, or spoke different languages! Taylor believes that of the original population of sixty-eight pairs only eleven can be counted as genuinely separated, hardly an adequate statistical basis. His own best estimate, based on these, is a 60% heritability, but somewhere between 34% and zero!

Still it would surely be astonishing if intelligence did not have some genetic basis, especially given what we now know about the physical bases of mental functioning, personality, and the rest. You would have to be the most radical dualist to believe that these things were entirely independent of those features which, undeniably, parents do hand on to their children. The important question, for present purposes, is whether these inherited differences will collect along racial lines.

Here we come to the parable of the grains of wheat. If two identical samples of genetically mixed wheat are grown in two environments very different from each other but uniform in themselves, then any differences within each sample will be wholly genetic in origin (because the environments are constant), but the average difference between samples will be wholly environmental (because the two samples were genetically matched). Hence even if differences in IQ within races are inherited, it would not follow that any average differences between the races were.

Professor Flynn, following Jensen, is not impressed: for this to apply to the 15-point average difference in measured IQ between American whites and blacks there would have to be some systematic difference in their environment, and in the case of the two samples of wheat. Yet whatever disadvantages are suffered by blacks in general, some whites suffer from them too, and some blacks do not. This makes the going hard, both for Professor Flynn and his reader. On the one hand he accepts Jensen's argument that the 15-point difference cannot be explained by some environmental "blindfold" which systematically handicaps blacks against whites. But on the other he offers direct evidence, based on studies of children reared by Negro soldiers in Germany at the end of the war, that in a different environment the IQ of such so-called blacks matches that of their white compatriots. To resolve the contradiction, and rightly insisting that direct evidence should count for more than indirect, Flynn proceeds to explore the ways in which environmental might produce the 15-point discrepancy after all. But if environment can, indeed, explain the difference, how can Jensen's reply to the parable be as compelling as Flynn thinks it is? Especially when Jensen himself reports a Oregon town where the average black IQ is 21.5 points below the average for black America in general. No one is going to say that difference must be genetic!

Luckily Professor Flynn's evidence is more compelling than his reasoning. The parable is a deliberate simplification: the argument does not depend on there being a systematic environmental difference between samples. We are dealing with averages, after all, and many blacks have higher IQs than many whites: perhaps these will be the environmentally advantaged blacks and the environmentally disadvantaged whites. All that is necessary to defeat the argument from inherited differences within races, plus observed differences between races, is a combination of environmental factors whose average effect on the two races is enough to explain the average difference in measured IQ, factors such as those discussed by Professor Flynn.

Howard Taylor writes as a social scientist with a head for statistics and a style blessedly free from obscurantist jargon - he is not, apparently, to blame for "anthropocentric" which is the technique of deciding whether twins are identical, by seeing whether they look the same! His book is for the expert rather than the layman, though the non-specialist interested in the minutiae of the debate will find that, if he is prepared to persevere, he will profit from it too. But no doubt those whom he criticizes will be able to find the same inadequacies in Taylor's analyses and calculations which he finds in theirs. As often in the social sciences one is left with the depressing feeling that, in areas of such appalling complexity, no one will ever be able to prove anything. At least Taylor himself is clear that, in the present state of the art, attempts to calculate heritability are a waste of time.

Professor Flynn, on the other hand, approaches the topic as a philosopher, and misses a golden opportunity to clarify the nature of the debate, the form of its arguments, its assumptions and implications. To take but one more example: the most important practical consequence of Jensen's position lies in his claim that there are significantly different kinds of intelligence, involving significantly different types of ability, and calling for significantly different forms of education. There, to be sure, is an issue, yet it seems entirely independent of whether intelligence is acquired or inherited, or distributed along racial lines.

This then is an area which might profit from the hand of a philosopher, who could keep his head above the waters that threaten to engulf Professor Taylor. But Professor Flynn, equally, disappears among the kinship studies and the statistical calculations, raising any number of points of detail, but leaving them when he began. His argument is difficult to follow, with later chapters seeming to question the assumptions of earlier ones; his prose is often awkward to read; and his pages are ugly to look at. If his publishers were going to produce a sheaf of typewritten pages, they ought really to have done so more cheaply.

# The resentful Right

By Alan Ryan

NIGEL FIELDING  
The National Front  
250pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £12.50.  
0 7100 0539 8

The average sociologist and the average National Front supporter have little affection for one another. In the mythology of the NF the sociologist gets the blame for many of the evils that cannot be directly laid at the immigrant's door. Modern schooling, to undermine the discipline and morals of the young. Teachers are either recruited to the conspiracy or bamboozled by the conspirators in the course of social studies lectures in the universities and training colleges; thus poisoned, they return to the classroom and cast doubt on parental discipline and sow the seeds of political disaffection. To the sociologist, the very existence of people who can believe this sort of thing is so painful to contemplate that the last thing he would feel like doing would be to meet them in the flesh to discover how their world looks to them. The lives of eunuchs, pool-rooms, hustlers, sex-change patients and other marginal or deviant characters possess a sort of charm; the lives of those who hold deeply dour and venomous views about politics possess none.

Nigel Fielding's little book on the NF, is therefore, rather welcome. Its author, however, is fearfully conscious of what his colleagues might think of him, and a good deal of the book is devoted to methodological musings. The problem is simple enough: if one is required about large-scale structural theories about the political Right, because they seem to provide no insight into why groups which have come to structural reasons for resentment at the existing order should come up with the hatreds they actually do, and if one is sceptical about theories of political deviance which suggest that NF supporters are so damaged that it is a wonder

they're not in hospital, there is no way of understanding the NF other than by going and looking at it in operation, talking to its members, and trying to understand what they are up to in their own terms. This, however, seems to presuppose a certain willingness either to believe that the NF is a genuine movement, or at least to pretend to, some sympathy with the NF's members and their goals. Fielding is in no doubt that racism is deeply repulsive and that the "conspiracy theory" view of the world which goes with it is intellectually beneath contempt. He seems to have got round the difficulty by a judicious mixture of honesty and deception - "with some members I maintained a formal research role, with others a friendly near-convert status" - and through the happy accident of getting on well with David MacCalden, the NF Student Association leader.

What emerges is, for all that, not very surprising, and it is too much buried under reflections on the theory of deviance in general to make much impact. There are some sensible reflections, however. For instance, Fielding notices that there is a considerable difference between NF branch meetings and NF demonstrations - the branch meetings are boring and organizational, concerned with fund-raising and keeping up membership and local support, rather than with ideological debate or rallying the troops for immediate battle. Public demonstrations appeal to a different clientele - younger, more solidly working-class, and more attracted to NF activism. Indeed, such a relief as there is to come in Fielding's accounts of branch meetings he has attended - the organizers are, to a man, terrified to keep on their beer, and eager to adjourn the proceedings to the pub, which the NF sound very much like the Labour Party, which is by no means a small victory for theorists of organization, and a small defeat for those who would expect deviant political attitudes to produce organizational deviance too.

On the ideological commitments of the NF, Fielding is inconclusive but not inco-

herent. The sloppiness and vagueness of his understanding of economic and social issues do not make for a crisp memorable programme; once you get beyond the desire to repatriate coloured immigrants and to bring back the death penalty, there is nothing very much. Traditionalism in education asserts awkwardly with an enthusiasm for technical and scientific advance; and as with all versions of the corporate state, the NF's version is torn between wishing to give trade unions a lot of power over their members and wishing to give the state a lot of power over trade unions. What does emerge, of right-wing conservatism and fascism - the NF has no time at all for free trade and the rights of private property. The feeling one gets is that aside from hostility to immigration, it has few thoughts of its own, and has relied on memories of Mosley - it is ambivalent about anti-Semitism and uncertain whether isolation or imperialism is the keynote of foreign policy. For a sociologist, Fielding is rather reluctant to try to sort out the ambiguities of the ideology in terms of the struggles for power within the organization.

Perhaps the most obvious defect of the book is one for which its author cannot be blamed; it is the occupational hazard of the sociologist of any interesting contemporary phenomenon to be overtaken by events. But the truth is that Fielding writes as if the NF were still the growing force it was seven or so years ago, whereas the oddity is simply that, with two and a half million unemployed, neither the far left nor the far right has made any progress whatever. One might say that there is much reprehensible about as ever, and that the punitive and selfish outlook which the NF reflects is more nearly respectable in politics than it has been for years; but that, of course, only points up the way in which a study like Dr Fielding's which keeps its eyes so firmly glued to the behaviour of the NF itself, is bound to underestimate the extent to which the NF's fortunes are simply a function of the upsurge of the main political parties.

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herent. The sloppiness and vagueness of his understanding of economic and social issues do not make for a crisp memorable programme; once you get beyond the desire to repatriate coloured immigrants and to bring back the death penalty, there is nothing very much. Traditionalism in education asserts awkwardly with an enthusiasm for technical and scientific advance; and as with all versions of the corporate state, the NF's version is torn between wishing to give trade unions a lot of power over their members and wishing to give the state a lot of power over trade unions. What does emerge, of right-wing conservatism and fascism - the NF has no time at all for free trade and the rights of private property. The feeling one gets is that aside from hostility to immigration, it has few thoughts of its own, and has relied on memories of Mosley - it is ambivalent about anti-Semitism and uncertain whether isolation or imperialism is the keynote of foreign policy. For a sociologist, Fielding is rather reluctant to try to sort out the ambiguities of the ideology in terms of the struggles for power within the organization.

Perhaps the most obvious defect of the book is one for which its author cannot be blamed; it is the occupational hazard of the sociologist of any interesting contemporary phenomenon to be overtaken by events. But the truth is that Fielding writes as if the NF were still the growing force it was seven or so years ago, whereas the oddity is simply that, with two and a half million unemployed, neither the far left nor the far right has made any progress whatever. One might say that there is much reprehensible about as ever, and that the punitive and selfish outlook which the NF reflects is more nearly respectable in politics than it has been for years; but that, of course, only points up the way in which a study like Dr Fielding's which keeps its eyes so firmly glued to the behaviour of the NF itself, is bound to underestimate the extent to which the NF's fortunes are simply a function of the upsurge of the main political parties.

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# Interpreting the indigenous

By Roger Just

STEPHEN F. TURNER  
Sociological Explanation as Translation  
110pp. Cambridge University Press. £9.  
(paperback, £2.95).  
0 521 23300 6

This is a modest book: ninety-nine pages of text, and as the author admits, making no claim to offer any new explanatory programme for the social sciences. Rather, Stephen Turner's aim has been "to accept the existence and intellectual substance of sociology and to try to show why the substantive problems of concern to sociology are genuine problems and why their solutions are, at least in part, genuine solutions."

Such an aim must inevitably be pursued in a spirit of compromise. What needs to be theoretically reconciled, in Professor Turner's opinion, is the traditional sociology's emphasis on statistical regularities and correlations, or, more generally, on empirical data, and the "rule model" of sociology, as exemplified by Peter Winch's writings, with his demand that we should grasp indigenous concepts and modes of action within the form of life in which they operate.

Nearly half of Turner's book is devoted to a detailed exposition of the position expressed in Winch's *The Idea of a Social Science* (1953) and in a later article "Understanding a Primitive Society" (1954), and to subsequent criticisms of that position. Indeed, his account comes close to being a qualified defence of Winch. But it ends by Winch's position, for at least one reading of how any analysis of a society could be achieved except in terms of its own terms. The possibility of a comparative sociology, he has ruled out, and yet Turner is convinced that the best sociology has been comparative. Moreover, there is a sense in which

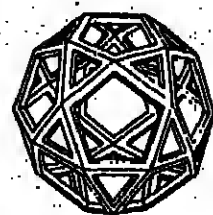
sociology (or social anthropology) is always comparative in that comprehensibility requires it to offer more than a re-description of the actors' own concepts, intelligible only to those who share those concepts. Some form of "translation" is of the essence.

It is at this stage that Turner introduces his *tertium quid*: not, he insists, a new theory, but "an alternative arrangement of the material" such that the theoretical difficulties entailed in Winch's arguments and in the various forms of empiricism criticized by Winch might both be by-passed. Here Turner has recourse to an analysis of two examples of practical sociology: the controversy between Edmund Leach and Spiro about the Tully River Blacks' understanding of human conception ("Virgilio Birth" in *Generals as Myth and Other Essays*, 1969), and Banfield's study of "Montegrano", a southern Italian village (*The Moral Basis of a Backward Society*, 1958). Both examples are taken to be cases of (variant) cultural translation, and Turner identifies the strategies adopted by those concerned as forms of "puzzle setting" prompted by the breakdown in the application of what he calls "the same practice hypothesis": viz, that "where we would follow such and such a rule (in Winch's sense of the term) the members of another social group or persons in another social context would do the same". Where they do not follow the same rule, the sociologist is led into explaining the discrepancies; indeed into performing an act of translation; and the manner in which he does this is closely akin to the explanation of variant games: "By describing one as a variant of another - by describing them and emphasizing their differences and analogies."

Here Turner, like Winch, is appealing to and quoting Wittgenstein. What must be understood, are the "games" and the "rules" - in Turner's terms the "practices" - to which people are involved. But, Turner claims, his formulation is more

accommodating than Winch's, for the empirical discovery of "aggregate patterns" may indicate the operation of rules, while methods of organizing data and statistical techniques may enable the sociologist to specify whether differences exist between rules and if so where. Such empirical procedures are a legitimate step in the process of puzzle setting, even if they can never supply the solutions. Furthermore, it is empirical data which allow us to know whether a puzzle has been apprehended correctly, and its correct solution found. One does not simply "grasp" the rules of human actions in an intuitive fashion. There are empirical grounds for rejecting, revising, and replacing their identifications.

Those wishing for a detailed exposition of Winch's position to the late 1950s, and of its bearing on the major philosophical issues raised by the social sciences, are well served by this book. Turner's account is lucid, and his argumentation subtle. Nevertheless, it may fall between several stools. Winch's own writings are scarcely impenetrable to the average student. Moreover, 1958 is some time ago now, and given that the author's express purpose is not to present some new sociological theory, but rather comprehensively to justify its practice, it is a pity that the work does not range more widely. Structuralism is not pulled into the fold, and Lévi-Strauss makes only a one-line appearance in a footnote. Foucault, Pierre Bourdieu, and most recent influential writers are not mentioned. Marx himself is referred to, but the Marxists are passed over in silence. Listing the omissions provokes nothing, of course, and it may well be that Turner considers such thinkers to have made no substantive contribution to sociological theory by practice, or believes himself to have accounted for their work. Indeed Turner states that he is concerned to present fundamental issues by dealing with well-known examples, and that the analysis of these examples could be applied similarly to other examples of sociological explanation. But this he leaves to the reader.



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